THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1910

OURS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

In the early days we knew,
Mine and me were only two;
Now how doubly blest are we,
His and mine are numbered three.
Heaven looked on us and smiled,
God hath given us a child.

She is faultless—she is fair,
Soft and brown her silken hair,
And her eyes are violets, hid
Underneath a snowy lid;
Rosy lips and teeth of pearl,
Hath our little baby girl.

From her cradle now I see,
Chubby hands are reached to me,
With the sweet beseeching air
Of a deep unuttered prayer;
And I fold her to my breast,
She caressing and caressed.

I am looking—looking far,
Where the mist-wreathed islands are,
Dotting the entwavered sea
Of our darling's destiny,
Where the groves of spice and palm,
Yield her blessing—yield her balm.

I am listening, and I hear
Whispers for her maiden ear;
Words inaudible and low,
That their import none may know,
Yet the still interpreter
Makes them beautiful for her.

I am thinking of the tide
Whereupon her boat must glide;
And I shudder, for I know
Where the purest waters flow,
Where the smoothest current rolls,
There are quicksands—there are shoals.

Could a love, all unexpressed,
Render the beloved blest,
Could we guard Fate's secret spring,
Future years would only bring
Cloudless skies, and thornless flowers,
To this little one of ours.

QUEEN STORK.

A SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

Many curious things happened in the four years I passed at old Styles's (said Master Balfour, thoughtfully); but perhaps the funniest go of all, was that business of the girl with the yellow-black eyes! Yes, Miss Houlton, you'll open your blue ones a good deal wider yet. What do you *think* of a whole school—seventy-three fellows—nine day-*pupils*, and *two G. P. B.'s*——

"What are the G. P. B.'s?"

Gentlemen-Parlor-Boarders. We gave it in the name just to take down their conceit. What do you think of all those being left to the entire charge of a single head? And a precious tight one it proved. You must wait.

Styles, as I told you, was *often ill*, and quite incapable at these times of taking any part, however trifling, in the management of the school. It was some—what do you call it?—cerebral affection, originally induced by overstudy at college; and it recurred at intervals, throughout his life. Nothing but complete repose availed him, during the continuance of these attacks, which sometimes lasted only for a day or two, when again he was as well as ever. This state of things was, of course, well known to the fellows' governors and friends; but such was Styles's reputation as a scholar, and maker of scholars, that it did no damage to the school, which was always chock full, and chaps waiting to get in.

When Styles was laid up, business was hustled on, somehow, in a muddled way, by two resident under-masters, a daily French one, and Queen Mob.

Queen Mob was an elderly relation of Styles's, who looked after the house matters, counted the linen, did the bills and a lot of other things Styles would not condescend to; told tales of the boys, and always sported a mob-cap—whence her name. She was a stern old lady, with an intense hatred and distrust of all schoolboys, dealing with them as with a race of young lunatics, every one of whose actions and words was a natural subject of suspicion, and to be received with rebuke and control. She had—apart from this weakness—lots of sense, but no grammar to speak of; had early in life discarded the *h* as an absurb encumbrance, and always, after grace, directed the servant to take off the "kivers." She had come, originally, on a visit for three days, and had, at the time I speak of, stopped seventeen years longer.

Other visitors, for shorter periods, not unfrequently appeared at Styles's. He was, we heard, a capital host; and the G. P. B.'s, who were sometimes honored with invitations to the nine o'clock suppers, came away highly pleased with their entertainment.

Styles always gave his visitors the choice of dining in the school or the study, and we generally found, especially when they happened to be of the more curious sex, that they preferred the former, in which case they sat at the top of the table, with Styles, Queen Mob, and the senior master, and had all sorts of jolly little things, that made our boiled mutton, and rice-pudding with a dab of salt butter upon it, look rather queer. Our banquets were of Queen Mob's invention (anything was good enough for a schoolboy!), and Styles never interposed in any domestic details, being, to do him justice, utterly indifferent as to what was provided for himself.

It's my belief some of us would have been starved in Queen Mob's time, if it hadn't been for "Will's basket."

Will was a superannuated servitor of the establishment, who was permitted to retain—in private life—the privilege of purchasing stale cakes and mouldy-ish fruit-pies at a shop in the town, and retailing them in the school, at the cost to the buyer of two hundred and fifty per cent., and a stomach-ache.

Now, let me see. I think it was in the third or fourth half of my stay at the school, that there arrived a very mysterious visitor—a lady. She came, intending to pass a considerable time; that we know, for she brought with her a whole lot of boxes, a large case of books, a harp, and a Newfoundland dog, which faithful and ferocious animal informed us, through the medium of his collar, that his mistress was Mary Perceval.

"Mary Percival!" Delicious name! She *must* be young and beautiful. We saw her clogs. They were about the length of one's middle finger. Out of these articles alone we conjured up a glorious ideal. About two-and-twenty (boys' loves are always advanced in years), with small, chiselled features, like a Grecian goddess, waves of silken hair, and so forth. It was a singular circumstance (as some one afterwards remarked) that we could arrive at no definite understanding with regard to her eyes. Everybody was positive, would have staked his existence, as to what they were *not*. They were neither black, blue, hazel, pink, green, nor gray; not large, nor small, nor long, nor round, nor anything that imagination could devise. We settled every other feature. The eyes beat us. What then were they? *Had* she eyes? Of course. There were her books, and her harp, to prove it. We had to leave the point unsettled.

Lots were solemnly drawn, in order to decide who should be in love with Mary Percival, and the two longest happening (as Mickey Creagh, who held them, announced) to be of the same length, this lucky circumstance became the parent of one of the prettiest fights of the half, the result being that the unconscious damsel fell to the lot of Boss Twigge, the son of a London alderman, a big bulking fellow of the upper school, who immediately cut the initials of "M. P." inside the lid of his desk, and became hopelessly enslaved.

Eagerly was the next dinner-hour anticipated, for not a doubt visited the mind of anybody that the mysterious beauty would show. We were disappointed. Styles and Queen Mob appeared as usual; not so Mary Percival. She never *did* come; and but for having noticed the arrival of her luggage, and occasionally seeing a minute portion of dinner, such as you might offer to a pining dicky-bird, sent carefully up, before anybody else was helped, we mightn't have known that she was in the house.

Soon, however, strange, sometimes contradictory, rumors crept into circulation, having reference alike to the person, character, and general habits of the beautiful recluse. Nobody had actually set eyes upon her. It was thought that Queen Mob had a *stupid* maid from Northumberland, who could speak nothing but her natural burr, and was forbidden to discourse in [illegible] and to her mistress.

The barriers opposed to our curiosity had the accustomed effect of quickening the same, and already the matter became tinged with the delightful hue of romance. Mary Percival was forthwith promoted to the position of an enchanted princess, held in thrall by a wicked old fairy (Queen Mob), who was aunt to a weak but well-meaning monarch (Styles) who, engaged in occult studies, had, with inconceivable stupidity for so gifted a man, left the affairs of his house and kingdom entirely to the control of the aged and malevolent relative in question.—Plots were laid for the emancipation of the distressed princess, and we even went the length of taunting Boss Twigge for not attempting something on behalf of his lady. Boss, however, peremptorily declined.

This mode of treating the matter, though it amused, did not satisfy us; and some of the more practical individuals among us resolved to trace out the mystery. Charley Lyons, of the lower school—who was rather a pet of Queen Mob's—took courage to question that lady on the subject of the strange inmate, but encountered such a rebuff as effectually stopped any further investigations in *that* quarter.

Better success attended a combined assault upon the fidelity of a small kitchen maid, with whom we sometimes exchanged gestures of passionate attachment, as she passed to and fro across an area commanded by the playground. From her we learnt by degrees that Mary Percival was a reality, a living creature, a woman, a lady—and a young one. One by one, the mysterious attributes with which we had invested her were, by Hester Mugge, quietly stripped away. Her beauty, however, remained. Fact or fiction could not injure that. Hester Mugge's [illegible] discourse in perfect eloquence could not vulgarize the little perfect mouth, the even, glistening teeth, the dimpled chin.

"But the eyes, Hester—how about the eyes?"

Hester assumed a look of horror and sniffed.

"Now, don't be silly, child"—the speaker was twelve, and Hester five-and-twenty—"tell us about the eyes—the eyes! Oh, Hester, don't go, darling Hester—here's a rib—"

Hang the girl! she was always hearing missis!

So, gradually, the secret narrowed itself to one feature. About this there could be no longer any question—

There was something odd about Mary Percival's eyes!

This conclusion arrived at, curiosity rose to fever pitch. We put in practice every possible means to gratify it, taking infinitely more pains than you would believe possible, if you have never observed how a mystery grows by discussion into something grand and marvellous.—We cultivated the G. P. B.'s, who were, or pretended to be, as ignorant as ourselves—we made deputations to Styles, asking for impossible holidays—we watched the window of the mysterious princess, visible from one side of the playground, every day for hours, relieving guard like sentinels, and reporting such faint indications of a living occupancy as had been observed during the expiring watch. These, to be sure, were meagre enough. There were, however, two little rose-trees, in pots, placed upon the window-sill. The "princess" (as we got to call her) tended these herself; and, on more than one occasion, a hand so small, so white, so graceful, as almost to drive the more susceptible of her admirers frantic, glistened out from behind the window curtains, plucked a decayed leaf, or clipped a flower, and shot back like a frightened dove.

At last, after five weeks' expectation and conjecture, our impatience was partially rewarded.

One beautiful evening in the middle of August, it happened that the whole school went out for a walk. Even the G. P. B.'s honored the procession, walking, however, a little aloof—as became them—from the jacketed throng, their long-tailed coats and high-heeled Bluchers (constructed to look like Wellingtons,) forming objects of overt ridicule and secret envy to those who followed.

One lucky chap was left at home. Me. I had got into a row for pitching into Bartle Goldsmidt—an impudent young Hebrew, who shot a pellet into my eye in school. The smart threw me off my guard, and bang went my Gradus at Bartle's head! Styles didn't much mind fighting at proper times, but he objected to it in school hours, as interfering with study, so we were both caned, Bartle was sent to bed and I was detained from the evening walk, and consoled myself with "The Castle of Otranto."

There were some tamarisk-bushes at the end of the playground, just enough to make a comfortable arbor for any fellow who didn't mind crouching on the ground at their roots; and under one of these I was lying reading, when the odd thing happened that I'm going to tell you.

I had just got to—

"'Alas! thou mistakest,' said Matilda, sighing; 'I am Manfred's daughter; but no dangers await me.'

"'Amazement!' said Theodore; 'but last night I blessed myself for yielding thee the service thy gracious compassion so charitably returns me now.'

"'Still thou art in an error,' said the princess; 'but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth.'"

Suddenly the distant voice of Styles interrupted the passionate dialogue. My heart stood still. The "Castle of Otranto" was a proscribed work. Silence, however, succeeded, and I eagerly resumed:

"A deep and hollow groan startled the princess and Theodore.

"'Confusion! we are overheard!' said the princess.

"They listened, but perceiving no further noise, they both concluded it the effect of peat-up vapors; and the princess carried Theodore"—(how, I thought, *could* he permit it?)—"to her father's study, where, equipping him with a complete suit, he was conducted by Matilda to the postern-gate [illegible] discourse in [illegible] and to her mistress.

"'Accomplished flung himself at her feet, and, seizing her lily hand, which with struggles she suffered him to kiss, he vowed on the earliest opportunity to——get himself knighted.'"

I had just reached this amazing climax, when again the voice of Styles came upon the breeze. Carefully putting aside the sprays of my tamarisk, I peeped through. What do you think I saw?

Styles—and Mary Perceval!

Yes, the beautiful princess, wearied at last of her bower, was coolly walking down the playground by the master's side—not leaning on his arm, though—no! I saw directly she wasn't of the leaning sort. I hate describing people, especially women, more particularly *pretty* women, and I can't *this*. I can better tell you what she was not. She wasn't tall, that is not above the middle height; she wasn't a bit like Queen Mob; she had nothing angular about her; every line was sweeping, rounded, and graceful; she had the daintiest little foot, and this she set upon the ground with what some of you poet chaps would call an "expression." It said just as plainly as you can speak, "Here I choose to step, let the whole world oppose me."

She had splendid dark hair, arranged in a deep band upon her white neck. The face, as far as it could be seen, exceeded our most romantic dreams; chin, mouth, and half the cheek and nose were visible enough, but, round the brow she wore a curious broad fillet, made like the half-mask worn by harlequins. She wasn't blindfolded, you understand. There were large circular holes cut for the eyes, and round these were, first a crimson, then a yellow rim, imparting a ghastly and horrible expression, such as it is impossible to describe.

She walked with her little head inclined forward and her white hands clasped tight together—something in the attitude of the adoring saints in a picture.

Not having seen me go down the playground, they no doubt believed it wholly deserted, and came slowly on, turning mechanically when they reached the tamarisks, instead of coming round, yet passing so close that the princess's light dress brushed the sprays. Styles was reading to her in a low, earnest voice. And what do you think it was? A Greek play! It's as true as I sit here. The "Alcestis" of Euripides.

I was rather forward in Greek, and I knew what he was saying. I won't bother you with the Greek, but my crib gives it thus:

Here. Surely thy wife Alcestis is not dead?
Admet. There is a twofold tale to tell of her.
Here. But do you speak of her as dead or living?
Admet. She is—and she is not—and I am wretched.

The princess clasped her hands to her masked face, like one in agony, though I imagined she was only bored, for how should she know anything of Euripides?—and they passed out of hearing.

The mysteries of Otranto were fading into nothing. It was, after all, only the ghost of a romance. Here was the real thing. Was the fillet a disguise? But how strange! how incomplete! how likely to attract the very notice and inquiry she desired to shun!—or was it to conceal some defect too horrible— Here they [illegible] again. Styles had ceased reading, and [illegible] moved sadly and silently onward, buried in [illegible]ght. To my immense consternation they [illegible] not turn off as before, but, pursuing the path [illegible] round my ambush, and were upon me!

The princess started and stopped. Styles caught me by the collar. I didn't care. I was only in the playground, where I had a right to be; and Styles himself was out of bounds, if anybody was.

The jolly old chap knew *that* as well as I did; so he didn't box my ears, but his eye fell upon the corner of the book I had tried to hide under my jacket. He made a spiteful snatch at it, looked at it with an intense disgust, far from complimentary to the distinguished author, and put it in his pocket. Then he seized me by the arm.

"Now, pledge me your word, sir," he began—

But the princess quietly interposed:

"It is useless, my good friend;—let him go."

Styles obeyed; and wasn't I off like a shot? And wasn't it jolly that I had to make no promises, and might relate my adventure the moment the fellows returned?—which *I* did.

As though the princess knew that her remarkable appearance would be no longer a secret, or else because she was weary of her solitary room or the society of Queen Mob the very next day and every succeeding one, she came down and dined with the school, still wearing her hideous mask, and regarded with mingled feelings of awe, suspicion, and admiration. The idea that such a creature was really hiding from justice, met with little credence; and the general, and certainly the most reasonable, impression was that the hateful black fillet concealed some deformity even more repulsive than itself. She appeared, however, on all occasions perfectly at her ease, and used to gaze down the long table in a cool, superior way, as though taking in the characters of the chaps; sometimes allowing her look to rest upon particular individuals long enough to make the said parties wince and shuffle uncomfortably, as if they were pricked.

In this silent manner, we felt sure, she made the acquaintance of at least *four* fellows, namely, Harry Maitland, Charley Lyons, Looby Weekes, and Philip Balfour—*(me)*.

Harry Maitland was, at that time, senior cock, and very nearly at the top of the school. The best fellow in it, full of life and frolic, and a great favorite of Styles's; short silky hair, curling naturally, clear brown eyes—it's just one of those few faces one can recall at any distance of time—[illegible] old Harry!

Charley Lyons was a mischievous little imp of the [illegible] school—up to [illegible]

Looby Weekes—I forget his Christian name—I don't think he knew it himself; having been told, on his first appearance at Styles's, that he would be licked if he ever called himself anything but "Looby," he had got the habit of it, and even signed his exercises "L. Weekes." He was one of the biggest boys (and asses) in the school; I know you won't believe it, but that fellow was still in Corderius and Whitaker—nothing inspired him or quickened his apprehension; you might as well have caned the stump of a tree. Styles gave it up, after a few months, and finding it useless to instruct him, made him a kind of bridge for others. Looby was thenceforth charged with the duty of bringing up fellows for punishment, and holding them, if necessary, during its infliction. This was not of frequent occurrence. Styles hated punishment, regarding it as an unseemly interruption to the pursuit of the learning he delighted in. But when he was provoked, you didn't forget it in a hurry! Thus the call of "Mr. Weekes," echoing through the vaulted room, has made many a chap's heart give a quicker jump; for no one was ever guilty of the absurdity of believing that Mr. Weekes was needed for any purpose of instruction!

I myself was the last of the four that seemed to attract the especial notice of the mysterious princess; and that was probably because she had seen me before, or was it that she had a spite against me for telling of her? At all events, I didn't feel happy under her gaze. Happy!—I would positively have dived under the table to escape it! I'm sure she saw this, and visited me with those fearful eyes twice as much as anybody else. Just like women, bother them!

About this period of the half there was a good deal of agitation in the school, originating in another matter, of a less mysterious kind—I refer to the dinners. Queen Mob had taken it into her head that bullocks' hearts were civilized food—cheap, at all events—and as Styles ate anything that was offered him, this objectionable dish was served up twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—and when cold (as it always was) tasted and felt like greasy india rubber.

As if this wasn't enough, Queen Mob established a most oppressive institution, viz., having the pudding *first*, by which the one edge of appetite was supposed to be considerably dulled, and no small amount of animal food preserved to the domestic economy. Who could turn from Norfolk dumplings with sweet sauce to cold bullock's heart?

We tried a deputation to Styles. It failed, though headed by Harry Maitland. Styles would hear of no objections to Queen Mob's arrangements. He himself fared like his boys, and he dismissed the deputation with a half holiday.

Such was our respect for the jolly old fellow himself, that it is possible we might have given in, starving, or sickening, over Queen Mob's dietary, till our stomachs got accustomed to the worse than Spartan fare, but for the unlooked-for event upon which my story turns.

One morning the master did not appear. The senior usher passed in and out of the room with an unusually anxious face, and, returning after a longer absence than common, addressed the school to the effect that Styles had been seized in the night with severe illness, which was momentarily increasing, and that he was now delirious. Feeling the approach of the attack, he had, with his usual presence of mind, prescribed some regulations for the conduct of the school, earnestly requesting that the boys should not be dismissed, and dictating a pressing message to a neighboring clergyman—a fellow-collegian—begging him to undertake for a few days the superintendence. The messenger, however, had just returned with the intelligence that Mr. Ringrose was in Wales, and would not be back for three days.

I don't now, much as we liked old Styles, pretend that some of the idler spirits among us did not find comfort in the relaxation of discipline that inevitably followed; still, I do believe everything would have gone on smoothly enough had it not been for those confounded hearts! The second day of Styles's illness, Mary Percival did not appear. The hearts *did*. This was bad enough, but who can picture the rage and consternation of the hungry crowd, when, on the following day, the abominable dish appeared again? It was a direct and positive insult—an actual challenge to disaffection and mutiny. Boys couldn't stand it. We didn't; but on this occasion, with the exception of a few deep, significant murmurs, there was no row. The fellows simply pushed away their plates in disgust, and refused to eat.

Though we observed Queen Mob glare round with a malignant smile, we were scarcely prepared for the determined purpose of her soul. It isn't pretty to talk Latin before ladies, but there's a well-known proverb that means, literally, when the gods take a spite against any chap, they begin by circumfoozling his comprehensive faculties, and making a muff of him. So they did with Queen Mob. She had sense enough of her own, and can you conceive her being guilty of the absurdity of supposing she could starve us into eating any stuff she chose? By Jove! sir, the hearts came up the third day, with an intimation that, until they were eaten, no other dinners would be served!

Then the shell exploded!

With a shout of execration, the school rose, pushed over the forms with a crash, and rushed out, the two masters (themselves disgusted) feebly striving to arrest the rout, and insisting upon saying grace! "*Grace!*" Arrived in the playground, consultations were held, and plans hastily agreed upon. "No food—no lessons!" was the unanimous resolve. The rebellion had in fact begun. Yells of defiance resounded on all sides. Seditious sentiments appeared in chalky characters upon the walls, and even the black board, which hung above the master's chair, for the purpose of illustrating problems, [illegible] medium of public opinion.

"No viscera!"—"Hearts to Bedlam!"—"No Mob law!" &c., &c., were among the expressions heard. One youth, inspired by an agency which has made greater poets—an empty stomach—improvised the following revolutionary stanza, which being sung in chorus to a popular tune, produced a fine effect:

Hard hearts, tough hearts, greasy and cold,
Roasted cricket-balls nine days old,
At jolly old Styles's school!
Rancid butter and mouldy cheese,
That you may have, whenever you please,
So long as Queen Mob doth rule!—*Hooray!*

Poor Styles's illness, even the mysterious princess, were, in the excitement of the moment, utterly forgotten. We all did exactly as we liked. As for the masters, they wandered wildly about, bullying the smaller and appealing to the older fellows, equally in vain. The former process we stopped in a summary manner.

Our second master was a fellow of the name of Hornidge—Gilbert Hornidge. He'd been a master's mate before he was a master, and had brought with him into his new sphere all the roughness of his former profession, without its heartiness. He was a confounded bully, and never lost an opportunity of pitching into one of us juniors. Seeing him boxing the ears of a little chap who had been executing a war-dance round him, but had miscalculated his distance, Harry Maitland, accompanied by four of the biggest fellows, walked quietly up to him, and apologising politely for the odds it was necessary to bring against a gentleman of such proportions, informed him that the next overt act of violence on his part would be visited with condign punishment. Whereupon Mr. Hornidge retired into his private den.

It was about two o'clock, when the school bell (which might be sounded either from the house or the school-room) gave out a sudden summons. This we thought proper to obey; not, however, with the slightest intention of resuming study, but rather of bullying the bewildered masters in the very seat of authority.

This pleasant game had scarcely begun, when the door opened, and Mr. Ringrose made his appearance. He was a quiet, amiable man, somewhat older than Styles, and was personally acquainted with two or three of the upper school. To these he addressed himself in the tone of quiet surprise that sometimes pays better than direct reproof or doubtful threatenings, demanding the reason of their selecting the moment of our respected master's illness for so disgraceful a demonstration.

Shouts of "No hearts!" "Give us Christian food!" &c., &c., replied.

Now it happened that worthy Mr. Ringrose, kind and gentle as he was by nature, had an immense idea of the rights and powers of all constituted authorities, and would have risked anything rather than yield to intimidation, no matter how just the complaint. According to him, submission must precede concession.

This sentiment he at once avowed, in the very teeth of the enraged and hungry boys; and then proceeded to inform us that it was impossible for him to assume the superintendence of the school, his presence being urgently required elsewhere; that a fitting substitute having been vainly sought, it had been at first determined to dismiss the boys to their homes; but, in deference to the earnest charge of our poor master and at the present solicitation of a *lady*, now resident in the house, this resolution had been rescinded.

"On appealing," concluded Mr. Ringrose, with a half smile, "to the young lady in question *how* it was possible to carry on the school in the absence of a proper classical teacher, Miss Percival replied that she—"

Roars of laughter, and shouts of "The princess!" "The princess!" "Hooray for the princess!" drowned the remainder of the speech. The seniors, however, already anticipating some fun, rather bestirred themselves to quiet the demonstration, lest, perhaps, our too ready enthusiasm should awaken in the breast of the worthy Ringrose any misgiving as to its sincerity.

That gentleman—though not a little puzzled as to what was meant by the term "Princess"—accepted the shout as a proof of our satisfaction, and, observing that he would allow us ten minutes to decide whether we were prepared to recognize the proposed authority, and yield to it that implicit deference without which no study could be carried on, quitted the room, it being arranged that the sounding of the school bell should signify our consent. An eager consultation followed among the seniors, uninterrupted by any disorder, the smaller chaps feeling that they had no alternative but to follow the seniors' lead, and the latter foreseeing no end of the fun in the plan proposed.

Within the given period, therefore, the resolution was carried, the signal given, and Mr. Ringrose entered the schoolroom, with the slight, graceful figure of our masked princess on his arm. He led her to the master's seat, which was in a corner of the room, upon a portion of the floor a little elevated above the rest. It was fronted, moreover, with a sort of office-screen, glazed and curtained at the top, so that the teacher might observe his charge at pleasure, without being himself much seen. On the left, against the wall, was a small bookcase. Above the chair hung the great black board before referred to; and at the back of the dais appeared an ominous looking fixture, like the stump of a tree cut off two feet from the ground. This was the block, at which chaps knelt to receive punishment, in view of the school.

Mr. Ringrose then came forward, and received from Harry Maitland, Ambrose Hall, Tom Bush, and other seniors, a solemn assurance, by which they pledged themselves, on behalf of the school generally, to yield respectful obedience to the authority of Miss Percival, who remained seated the while, looking (except as to her baleful eyes) the very incarnation of womanly gentleness.

When we stand had spoken, and the other fellows murmured their assent, she bowed slightly—very slightly—and smiled—a strange, tropical smile, as was remarked at the time by some close observer, and extended her beautiful white hand to Mr. Ringrose, as though in token that she needed his countenance and support no longer.

Then Mr. Ringrose quitted the room, and we were alone with our queen.

For a good minute we gazed at her, and she at us, in silence. The strangeness of the situation kept us quiet. How it affected *her* I can't say. To all appearance, she never changed a muscle. Suddenly she rose:

"The school will assemble at three."

Low murmurs followed, for it was Wednesday, a half-holiday.

"The school will assemble at three, and at the same hour on succeeding Wednesdays until further notice, as a penalty for this disorder."

You might have distinctly heard a fly caressing his nose during this speech, so completely stupified were we at this first exercise of power. Before we had recovered, our Queen Stork had glided from the room.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SOCRATES'S VIEW OF DEATH.—The tone adopted by Socrates in his defence before the Athenian Dikastery, proves, in the opinion of Grote, his indifference as to an acquittal, or rather his belief that there were good reasons why, at his age and in his circumstances, he should prefer a sentence of condemnation as best for himself. He was constitutionally, we know, of a fearless temperament, and conscience and reflection were sufficiently ascendant within him to silence what Plato calls "the child within us, who trembles before death." No man, he reminded his judges, knows what death is, yet men fear it as if they knew well that it was the greatest of all evils. For his part, he would never embrace evil certain, in order to escape evil which might for aught he knew be a good. Either death was tantamount to a sound, perpetual, and dreamless sleep—which in his judgment would be no loss, but rather a gain, compared with the present life—or else, if the common myths were true, death would transfer him to a second life in Hades, where he would find all the heroes of the Trojan war, and of the past generally—so as to pursue in conjunction with them the business of mutual cross-examination and debate on ethical progress and perfection.

FRETTING ABOUT TRIFLES.—As regards the "career of small anxieties," one great art of managing, with them, is to cease thinking about them just at that point where thought becomes morbid. It will not do to say that such anxieties may not demand some thought, and, occasionally, much thought. But there comes a time when thought is wasted upon these anxieties: when you, in your thoughts, going over the same ground again and again to no purpose, are deepening annoyance instead of enlarging insight and providing remedy. Then the thing would be to be able to speak to these fretting little cares, like Lord Burleigh to his gowns of state, when he took it off for the night, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are not to be Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first* year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
Thirteen " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15.00 "
Twenty " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20.00 "

Those residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to *prepay* the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 102 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It has been recently stated, we know not upon how good authority, that the attempts made upon the life of Louis Napoleon are at the instigation of the secret political society called *The Carbonari*, of which the French Emperor is said to be a recreant member, and by one of the tribunals of which he has been tried and condemned to death. This tallies somewhat with the statement said to have been made by one of the parties to the recent attempt at assassination, that the conspirators are five hundred in number, and that they have bound themselves by oath to renew the attempt in parties of five, each year, until it succeeds. Louis Napoleon's early history is by no means inconsistent with the probability of his having been a member of an Italian revolutionary society in 1831, and of a French one in 1848. It is alleged that, as a member of this latter society, he took an oath "to exterminate whoever should subvert the liberties of the Republic."

There is little doubt of two things. First, that these secret political societies do now exist on the continent of Europe, having their ramifications in almost every city and even little town—and that their resentment against defaulting members is of the most implacable character. They are now, to a considerable degree, what they were centuries ago—and the accounts and traditions that have come down to us, relative to the doings of The Holy Vehme and similar societies, are probably very little exaggerated. Charles of Burgundy whose career was recently depicted by Mr. Dugansc in his novelet of "The Raid of Burgundy," is reported to have been assassinated by an agent of the Holy Vehme. And if Louis Napoleon ultimately falls by the hand of the Carbonari, it will neither be an unexampled fate, nor one inconsistent with his stormy and unscrupulous career. Much as we dislike the man, we are not able to perceive that any gain, to the cause of Liberty or Good Government would result from his death;—and yet probably very few, even of his own subjects, expect to see his rule firmly and durably established. Even to himself, he must appear at times, as a creation of the tempest, which the tempest may at any moment overturn. If it be true, as a general fact, that "uneasy lies the head which wears a crown," it must be especially true of Louis Napoleon. Surely, he must be a bold man, who would exchange the simple and quiet happiness of a private citizen, for such a crown of thorns as that now worn by his Majesty, Napoleon the Third.

"After me, the deluge!" said Metternich. With equal truth may not Louis Napoleon say the same? How unlikely is it that the claim of "the child of France" would be regarded, if once the father, the man of destiny, were swept aside by the sharp logic of the poniard. Ah, sad is the fate of that country which is too high-spirited to be ruled with a rod of iron, and too unstable, apparently, to be ruled in any other way. "What sort of a government shall we give France?" might the angels of heaven debate in council, and come to no satisfactory conclusion. How shall freedom be given to those who cannot govern their own individual selves—or how despotism to those who feel in their souls the longings and urgings of the warm Promethean fire! A Democratic-Aristocracy, with a Limited Monarchy, it seems to us would be the government for France—if France would but accept of any government. But probably she is not yet ready to accept of any—so diverse and extreme are the beliefs and feelings of that truly many-headed hydra, her people. The mass, we fear, must be allowed to work and seethe and ferment some decades longer, before settling down into sufficient clearness and coherence to know what it really is capable of, and to be satisfied with a reasonable approximation to that ideal.

THE DEATH PENALTY

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of this State, by Mr. Struthers, of Warren, authorizing the Governor to commute the death penalty in certain cases to perpetual imprisonment.

We would suggest that instead of giving the power to the Governor, it should be given to the Judge who tries the case, in instances where the Jury first recommend such a commutation. If it be given to the Governor, he has to study the whole case, in order to determine upon the reasonableness of the application, with the disadvantage of having to depend upon a reading of the testimony, instead of hearing it from the mouths of the witnesses—a very material difference, as every lawyer knows. As a commutation probably would be asked for in almost every instance of conviction for murder in the first degree, he would thus have a weight of labor and responsibility thrown upon him, without the proper means of discharging it. If the power of commutation be left however to the combined Court and Jury, no additional labor or responsibility would be thrown upon them, and they would be able to act more intelligently and judiciously than it would be possible for the Governor to act.

ACCUMULATION OF GOLD.

The stock of gold that is accumulating in the large cities is truly wonderful. Contrast the following returns of the banks of the city of New York, for instance, in February of this year and of last year:

	Feb. 21, 1857.	Feb. 20, 1858.	Feb. 13, 1858.
Capital,	$49,263,000	$63,600,000	$65,200,000
Loans,	111,773,572	100,706,734	103,783,306
Specie,	10,422,158	21,418,078	20,226,275
Circulation,	9,166,074	8,992,619	8,606,271
Gross Deposits,	72,446,944	86,771,222	84,229,491
Exchanged,	37,350,048	14,769,585	13,803,583
Undrawn,	65,009,466	72,001,657	70,425,909
In Sub-Treas.	11,942,999	360,403	2,554,773

Three times as much specie in the banks now as there was a year ago. There is a great decrease in the Sub-Treasury—Uncle Sam being poor enough now-a-days—but, even considering the deficiency there, the amount is eight millions in excess of last year, and is constantly increasing. Some estimate that by June next, the specie in the banks will amount to $40,000,000. And what is true of New York, is doubtless true, in a degree, of all the Eastern cities.

The cause of this we take to be the flow of gold from the country and from California to the Atlantic ports, in payment of debts; and the cessation of equivalent shipments to Europe, owing to the decrease of importations. It was recently stated that the importations into Boston for January, 1858, were only about one-tenth of those for January, 1857. In other words, the capitalists of the East are realizing their capitals—collecting, and not paying out again.

But something must be done with this capital. Doing nothing, it pays no interest—and capital which pays no interest is a capitalist's great horror. Of course, investments are being looked for, and the stock market is naturally the first to feel the effect. Stocks have risen very rapidly of late; and, though there may be occasional seasons of depression, with such an accumulation of capital, the market, it would seem, must at least hold its own.

But stocks will not monopolize this capital. Trade, Land, Produce, &c., it seems to us, will before long begin to testify to the fact that, in certain hands, money is again abundant. If land is now held low in the West, as we suppose it is, capital will begin to be attracted again to that quarter. Breadstuffs and Cotton, also, at their present low prices, will attract purchasers. And thus the money piled up in the Cities, will begin to flow back into the country, and commence anew its mutually beneficial errands from West to East and East to West again.

It will be noticed that with three times the amount of specie, the loans of the New York Banks are eight millions less than at the corresponding period last year; while the circulation is a million and a-half less. The Banks would thus seem to be in a very sound condition—prepared to aid business operations as soon as proper demands are made upon them.

So all looks well—even better than could be expected. And now—if possible—let us have a steady, even business. Let ridiculous speculations, for some years at least, be discouraged. Let railroads that run from Nowhere to Nowhere—for the single purpose of helping to build up those "great centres of trade"—be built by those who own corner-lots in Nowhere. Let the dictates of common sense be adhered to for at least a season. If they are not, we may scarcely be up on our feet, before we shall be down in the mud again—and the second fall will be worse than the first. Assuredly!—as Mahomet used to say.

A NEW GERMANTOWN RAILROAD

We are pleased to see that the stockholders of the Germantown Turnpike Company have resolved to apply for a charter for a horse-power or "passenger" railroad, to run from the city to Germantown, and to be extended to Chestnut Hill, if found desirable.

Notwithstanding that the cars of the present Germantown Railroad Company are always filled, an omnibus line from Chestnut Hill is also well sustained—and the inference, therefore, is, that a "passenger" railroad would be well supported.

In competition with the present railroad, the horse-power company would probably have the disadvantage of not making such good time, and the advantage of a lower rate of fare—if, as we suppose, either ten or fifteen cents would be the rate established between Germantown and the Exchange.

Such a competition, so far as the present railroad is concerned, we regret to say is much needed. The existing railroad has been enriched, in a great degree, by the enterprise of those interested in property in and around Germantown—and, we may add, in the face of the continued apathy of the road itself. "Some are born *rich*, some achieve *riches*, and some have *riches* thrust upon them"—and, in the last-named class is to be placed the Germantown Railroad Company. We are not aware that any forward step was ever taken by the management of that road, except as a result of the most strenuous urging by those who owned not a dollar of the stock. But the management have been always very ready afterwards, in their reports, to take the credit of the movements in question.

Railroad Companies generally contrive to acquire and preserve the good will of their customers. The Germantown Railroad Company have always succeeded so completely in gaining and keeping the ill will of their passengers, that they could not have attained that object better if it had been their constant and undeviating aim.

It is trifles that annoy men—as every one knows who has had a grain of sand in his eye. Last year, the stoves in the Germantown cars were worn out, and notoriously incapable of warming the cars. This year we have the old stoves again, with one exception. Several ladies, we are told, have had their feet frost bitten in the cars this winter, notwithstanding the unusual mildness of the season.

Not long since a new rule was inaugurated relative to the regular showing of the season tickets; and gentlemen who have travelled on the road daily for five or six years, and who are as well known to the conductors as the Directors themselves, are now subjected to the troublesome farce of showing their tickets as often as they go or return in the cars. The excuse given for the change was that the company had been defrauded by some unscrupulous persons—but we are inclined to think the real reason was, that the passengers were relapsing into a state of toleration for the Company's infirmities, and it was necessary to *ride* them a little again.

The other morning, after the deep snow, the omnibus lines were allowed to place their sleighs directly opposite the steps of the cars, so that passengers could scarcely leave the cars without getting into the sleighs—and when they managed to make their way around the ends of the sleighs, they found great banks of snow, thrown off the pavement, which it was necessary to wade through. The ladies especially found all this very pleasant.

Instead of having the cars for Germantown always stationed at the same spot, they are every now and then alternated with those for Norristown, in order, we suppose, to catch some unsuspecting passenger if possible, and send him to the wrong place. The Company show an ingenuity worthy of a better cause in the perversity of these arrangements. They have signboards with the destinations of the cars marked on them—but as these signboards very often just where they ought not to be, one places any very great dependence upon the guidance.

Deficiencies like the above may, even of a trivial character, but they are a type of the general management, or rather mismanagement of the company in all its smaller affairs.

Thankful we are that the slow rate of speed at which the trains run, saves their passengers those dangers of collisions, and running down embankments, which are the frequent results of too great haste in railroad traveling.

For the reasons we have mentioned, and for others, we welcome the prospect of an opposition railroad to Germantown. Much experience has convinced us that the only way to open the eyes of the existing road, is by touching that nerve which "crops out" in the region of the pocket.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A certain class of literary adventurers, as well as some others not literary, remind us emphatically that we live in the Brazen Age. Lately, our brisk wits were engaged in deriding Emerson's "Brahma"—the simple principle of criticism on which they condemned that sweet and solemn hymn to Deity, being that it was above their comprehension. Of course the same simple principle of criticism would, if applied, send Shakspeare's Sonnets to the dust-hole. It never occurs to these smart gentlemen that when they find their intellect or their learning not equal to the task of decyphering a poet's meaning, the fault may be in themselves and not in the poem. But now, having settled Emerson, some members of the same tribe have lit upon Burns, and are engaged in "improving" and "finishing" his exquisite ballad of "John Anderson my Jo." It may be questioned whether any richer piece of sacrilegious impudence has been presumed upon since Mr. Nahum Tate favored the world with his improved version of "Lear," or Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper undertook to complete Coleridge's "Christabel." A modest man having conceived the idea of such a project, might be led to consider whether genius at least equal to that of Burns, was not a necessary condition for the task of adding even a word to one of Burns's lyrics. But a pithy saying, which advises us that persons endowed with a certain quality of intellect are prone to rush in where angels fear to tread, furnishes a comprehensive explanation of the fact that certain individuals have done for Burns's ballad, what Burns himself omitted to do. To any respectable criticism of the lyric under notice—to any reasonably supported complaint of its incompleteness—we would have no objection. But "criticism is not construction, but observation," and the ability to [illegible] a work of art is deficient, by no means [illegible] the deficiency. Hence, when any [illegible] Burns's lyric lacks a stanza, let him [illegible] that thought, unless he can shew credentials for further procedure.

Here is Burns's lyric—complete, consummate—as he left it:—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

To the tender significance of these lines, one gentleman, as blind to their poetic reach and meaning as if his head had been in a bag, tacks the following, which reminds us of a dishcloth pinned to the royal tartan of a Scottish king:—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've found the mountain's tap,
And whether we gae lower, John,
Or up, I know not yit;
But whether with the just, John,
Or with the doomed below,
Ye hae a wife to goe wi' ye,
John Anderson, my jo.

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We shall not sleep forever;
Our God will call us up, John,
And we will rise thegither,
And to our Father's house, John,
We joyfully will go,
And there, forever, we will live,
John Anderson, my jo."

The maudlin dubiety and coarse jocularity of the first of these stanzas, and the insipid commonplace and sentimental piety of the second, are indeed congruous and proper elements to mingle with the tender cheerfulness and simple pathos of Burns's ballad! But here is another burst from another muse:—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we again awake,
Our Saviour we will collect, John,
And then our journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John,
Find friends where e'er they go,
And seraphs high shall guide us right,
John Anderson, my jo."

The paper in which we find this stanza thinks the Scotch song "is Christianized, if not improved, by the addition!" We must leave this critic "to enjoy undisturbed the full gravity of his judgment," as Lord Bacon has it, and pass on to yet another attempt:—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we have slept thegither,
The sleep, that's mean sleep, John,
We'll wake wi' ane anither;
And in that better world, John,
Nae sorrow shall we know;
Nor fear we e'er shall part again,
John Anderson, my jo."

The editors of the *Home Journal*, in which the above stanza appears, characterize it as "simple, touching, true—nothing wanting, and nothing to spare; precisely harmonizing with the original stanzas, and improving them by the fact of completing them."

This is really too bad! But this is not all. Speaking of the final stanza of Burns's poem the *Home Journal* remarks—

"Fine as this is, it does not quite satisfy a contemplative mind; when one has gone so far, he looks and longs for something more—something beyond the foot of the hill."

This is looking at the poem with glass eyes, indeed! In the first place, Burns himself could not have added another stanza to the ballad as it stands, without destroying its poetic unity, and he knew it well. On pure artistic considerations, no image can be superinduced upon that image of supreme repose which crowns and closes the lyric. Any such must as a matter of necessity, have the effect of an anti climax. But what is it that these gentlemen-amateurs report missing in the lyric, and try to supply? Heaven. Now it seems to us the very acme of obtuseness on their part, not to see that that *is already there*—profoundly implied, exquisitely suggested by the closing lines of the ballad. Does any one, reading "John Anderson my Jo," lay it down, thinking of annihilation and the putrefaction of the grave? No. Why then this talk about "something beyond the foot of the hill?" Why this matter-of-fact versification about a better world? In those bright, soft images of the journey of youth now over, of pleasant days long parted, of peaceful age wearing away in a halcyon satisfaction of love, of affectionate companionship outlasting even mortal life, of the blissful repose of married hearts when all the world's vicissitudes are over, and in the prevailing impressions of contentment and constancy, of calm cheerfulness and deep rest, which the poem leaves in the mind of the reader are golden intimations of that heavenly "something beyond the foot of the hill"—tranquil visions of that "better world." All this means heaven, and nothing else. His must be a very prosaic mind that can read these verses so literally as to make corruption and nihility out of them. The tones of this harp indeed are mortal, but they leave celestial echoes in the soul. Beneath the apparent sense there is a subtler and finer sense, as there is in all imaginative poetry. It must be looked for not with the eye alone, for that sees only the superficial and most obvious meaning. It must be looked for with the eye of the eye. Would that the poetasters could see this, and let "John Anderson" alone! To add anything to, or take anything away from, the work of a man of genius is a sort of impiety, and the Goths and Vandals who are always doing this thing, ought to be kicked through a year of truculent paragraphs "o'er the world's edge to limbo!"

SEA SICKNESS.—Dr. Erasmus Wilson, in his "Three Weeks' Scamper Through Germany," gives the following as a probable remedy for sea sickness:—

Before starting from home, my brother reminded me of this voluntary exercise of control over the muscular system, and mentioned its success in himself; he remarked also, that the priests of old sold charms to dispel sea sickness, and that these charms, which were cabalistic figures written on parchment, were bound tightly around the person; their success appearing to depend mainly on their close pressure against the trunk of the body. It was to illustrate this experiment that I now set myself, thinking that my proneness to sea sickness would give it a fair trial. In the absence of a belt, I tied a shawl tightly around my trunk, making strong pressure from the hips upwards to the middle [illegible] one of the my heels against the deck, crossing my arms on my chest, resisted with all my power every movement of the vessel. I escaped without a feeling of uneasiness, while several around me and in the cabin were extremely ill; I have said that there was a good deal of motion in the vessel, but not much rolling, and the passage could not be termed rough. On my return passage, I did the same, and with an equally satisfactory result; but the experiment was also doubtful, from the sea being calm and the transit short. I leave it to others to give the plan a further trial, which it deserves, as being correct in principle, even if it fail to be universally certain in practice.

WIDOWS AT NEW ORLEANS.—Seeing a notice of a late fashionable marriage in New Orleans, reminds us of some facts communicated by a friend who recently visited that city. He says that the hotels of New Orleans this winter are full of widows—many of them possessing those weighty attractions which widowers are supposed most highly to estimate. In fact, so graphic is his account of the state of affairs at the St. Charles Hotel, that were we to quote it, the result probably would be a crowding of all the fortune-hunters in the country to the already crowded city of cotton bags.

By the way, we may state that our friend's opinion of the St. Charles Hotel is by no means a very flattering one. The waiting at the table, especially, is described as quite deficient. The St. Charles will have to brush up a little, if it means to preserve its old reputation.

THE LOST DAUGHTER AND OTHER STORIES, by Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a volume of tales which we have before noticed.

THE WESTMINSTER, LONDON QUARTERLY AND EDINBURGH REVIEWS for January may be obtained of W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE THREE BEAUTIES, by Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) we find, upon examination, to be a work published several years ago under the title of Shannondale. It originally appeared in THE POST.

Riches, like insects, while concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly;
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
—*Pope.*

☞ "Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Boozwax. "What will the impertence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

☞ PRETTY THOUGHT.—(By a Sheffield Gallant.)—Knives receive their last polish from the soft hands of women. And do not we, my blades, receive our final polish at the hands of the dear creatures?—*Punch.*

The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.
—*Wordsworth: The Brothers.*

☞ Roughness and honesty are, indeed, sometimes found together, in the same person; but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill manners to be a guaranty of probity of character, or suspects a stranger to be a rascal because he has the manners of a gentleman.

VERY CURIOUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I have for the last seven years made myself a livelihood by fishing for turtle on the coast of Florida, during which time I have frequently noticed some peculiar traits in the character of the Lauger-head. When comes on their laying season—which is from the first of July until the middle of September—the female Lauger-head will leave the water and come on the sandy banks to deposit her eggs, which she will do, even if she knows she is watched, before returning to the water. The preliminaries are certainly curious; she looks around until one would suppose she had found a place to suit her, then she will commence digging a hole, which, when done, will hold about a peck. The hole is about four inches across the bottom, about eight inches half way up, with about two and a half inches at the mouth—being shaped like a jug. After she has it dug out completely, she invariably fills it up and moves off about five or six paces (not turtle paces) and digs another just like the first, in which she lays her eggs, taking her about a half hour to accomplish her undertaking. And strange to say, the last egg fills the hole up so completely that it would be impossible to get in another egg. I have frequently dug them out and tried to replace them in the most complete manner without breaking, when I would find invariably, at least one-sixth of her laying left, which I could not get back in the hole from which I had just taken them.

Feb. 19th, 1858. S. J.

TO A LADY WITH HER BACK TO ME

I know thy face is fresh and bright,
Thou angel-moulded girl;
I caught one glimpse of purest white,
I saw one auburn curl.

Oh, would the whispering zephyrs breathe
The thoughts that vainly strive—
She turns—she turns to look on me;
Black! cross-eyed! seventy-five!

—*Holmes.*

☞ 'Tis a silly conceit, that men without languages are also without understanding. It's apparent, in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for it's not to be believed that wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, and Greek and Hebrew.—*South.*

☞ HOW TO MAKE TEA.—Go to any cheap advertising grocers, and you will soon learn (to your cost) how tea is made!

☞ It seemeth to me that most of the doctrines of the philosophers are more *fearful* and cautionary than the nature of things requireth. So have they increased the fear of death in offering to cure it; for when they would have a man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy, against whom there is no end of preparing.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ Dr. South says: "The tale bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

☞ Stealing never makes a man rich, alms never make a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business.

☞ *You will fail to find a friend if you seek one without a failing.*

☞ Scandal is what one-half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half equal pleasure in believing.

BILLIARDS.—Yesterday, Mr. John W. Hester was playing a game of billiards, and by an adroit play he, with the carom at the [illegible] the table. He then "nursed" them so skillfully that he marked *two thousand one hundred and fifty-seven points* by *seven hundred and nineteen consecutive caroms*, without making a cushion! The time occupied in making this run of 2,157 points was nearly *two hours*; and it was only terminated when the player, feeling that he had accomplished a feat in billiards which, possibly, the world never saw before, became pardonably excited, lost his steadiness of nerve, and made a false play. This account might well be doubted were its correctness not attested by eight persons, who were absorbed spectators throughout the run. The papers of all the other great cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis—boast their big games of billiards, but we are much mistaken if they ever have, or ever will have, anything to equal the New Orleans run of 2,157 points. We advise Hester to quit the game now, and never risk his laurels by playing again.—*New Orleans True Delta, February 12th.*

CELTIC SUPERSTITION.—While Sheriff Ansel Wright was taking a census of the last year's crop of children in Northampton, Massachusetts, a few days ago, he called at the residence of an Irish family, and inquired of the woman of the house if any children were born in that house during the year, but could not induce her to inform him. He inquired the reason of her refusal. She answered that soon after he called on the same business last year, their youngest child died; that she and her husband had talked the matter over, and concluded that telling him the child's age might have had something to do with its death, and for that reason thought it was best not to say anything about it this year. After having in vain urged her to give the desired information, he asked her how old her youngest child was. "*Three months*," said she. Mr. Wright was satisfied.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—INDICTMENTS FOR HIGH TREASON.—We have advices from Camp Scott, the head-quarters of the Utah Expedition, to the 5th of January.

The health of the army continued good, and the weather was remarkably mild for that region. Very little snow had fallen in the immediate vicinity of the camp and the ground was most of the time almost bare.

The U. S. District Court had indicted Brigham Young, and Elder Kimball and others, for high treason.

The Mormon Legislature was still in session.

The latest dates received from the States were to the 1st of October, and much anxiety was felt to hear further from the East, in consequence of the rumored money panic.

ONE DAY, not quite three weeks ago, a lady of this vicinity, says The Johnstown (Pa.) Echo, attended the funeral of her mother at 3 o'clock, P. M.; was led to the altar a blushing bride (we presume she blushed—if she didn't she ought) at 6 o'clock, just three hours afterward, and now is making application for a divorce.

IN a letter addressed to Col. Johnston, in the present month, Gen. Scott says that it is no longer probable that he will go to the Pacific coast, or that any expedition against or towards Utah will be despatched from that side.

JOHN COCHRANE, of New York, and others, during the past week have presented in the House of Representatives an unusually large number of petitions for a homestead law. The memorials for the passage of a bankrupt law are also multiplying.

IDOLATRY IN CHINA.—Some years ago, a picture of the Emperor Napoleon was found in a Chinese hut, and the people were worshipping it as a god! A missionary at Hong Kong used to conduct worship with the children of his school in a room where there was a clock standing on the chimney-piece. One of the boys for a whole year thought that this clock was the missionary's god, and that the prayers he daily offered were addressed to it!

THE BURNING OF THE PACIFIC

HOTEL AT ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis papers bring the details of the burning of the St. Louis Hotel, which has been already referred to.

The origin of the disastrous conflagration is at present not known with certainty. The prevailing impression is that the flames first broke out in the rear of the drug store of Dumont C. Jones, one door from the corner of Seventh street, but how has not yet been explained. The clerk, who had only been three days in the establishment, and who slept in the back part, states that when he was awakened by the glare of the light, the whole of the western portion of the building was in flames. This was from half an hour to three-quarters before the steam engines arrived. He had not previously heard any alarm. There was half a barrel of turpentine, a barrel of oil, and some other combustibles in that part of the store, where, report says, the fire originated.

From the best information that we can gather, there were about one hundred persons sleeping in the hotel at the time of the occurrence. It appears that the entire building was enveloped in the raging element before scarcely any of the lodgers were awakened to the full sense of their danger. And when the inmates were finally aroused, it was only to find all opportunities of egress closed to them, for the staircases in front and behind were already gone, or so nearly so that an attempt to escape by these means would be only rushing into the arms of inevitable death.

The scene that ensued baffles any attempt at description. The rushing of men, women and children to and fro to avoid the blistering heat, and to search for ways to reach the streets: the shrieks of the terror-stricken and the groans of those bound to their rooms by walls of scorching fire; the shouts of those who had been called to the spot from the surrounding neighborhood, the clambering over swaying and reeling joists, the falling floors with their loads of heavy furniture and their dearer burden of human lives—all this and more that was intensely terrible and fearful, it is not given to our pen to adequately describe.

The stairs gone, the roof and floors inch by inch giving way, and the lurid flames shooting up momentarily thicker and hotter, many sought to escape the impending hazard of being burned to death, through the scarcely less dangerous prospect of jumping to the ground from the windows. Of those who endeavored to save their lives in this way, we saw six at the Sister's Hospital yesterday. Mr. H. Hubbard, who arrived in St Louis from Boston about eight weeks since, was occupying, with his lady, a room on the third floor. Mrs H. was first aroused and awakened her husband. Hardly had he come to be conscious of the cause of the surrounding confusion, before he saw his wife leap headlong out of the window on Poplar street. Seeing no other visible means of saving himself he followed her, and both fell, not far apart, on the pavement. Mrs. Hubbard had one of her legs fractured in two places and had the knee cap of the other dislocated. Besides this, her lower jaw was broken in two places. It is not expected she will survive. Mr. Hubbard had the ankle joint and hip of his left leg displaced, and received a severe contusion on the forehead. He is not thought to be in a dangerous condition.

Miss H. Hunter endeavored to leave the building, after having been badly burnt, by jumping from the second story. In the fall, one of her legs was broken, and her head severely cut. She was placed in a furniture car, to be conveyed to the Sister's Hospital, but before arriving there she was a corpse.

James F. Geary, local reporter of the Leader, of this city, in attempting to escape with his wife and child, fell to the cellar. Besides receiving some bad burns on the face, head and legs, by some means his right foot was cut to the bone, from about the middle of the heel. It is feared, too, that his lungs are injured from inhaling hot air. He is thought to be in a critical situation.

—— Sharp, night clerk at the *hotel, was awfully burned in the face, head and extremities*—His hair *is all singed off*, and his face blackened *and blistered*. It is expected that he will recover, though considerably disfigured.

Gerlin Hayes has a broken thigh, and is very much injured on the head. One of his eyes is burnt and swollen exceedingly, and he is otherwise in much pain, and laboring under concussion of the brain. He was unable to answer questions. As far as we can ascertain from various sources, he is a stranger in the city, from Wisconsin. There is little no no hope of his recovery.

Three men were seen to jump from the second story of the back part of the building, at the same time. Two of them got off without much injury. The other was taken on a plank to a fruit store on Sixth street below Poplar, where he died about eight o'clock. The latter we understand to be T. Hart Strong, a lawyer of this city.

THE PACIFIC HOTEL CATASTROPHE—ARREST FOR ARSON AND MURDER.—Charles L. Taylor, alias Sanders, has been arrested at St. Louis, on the charge of setting fire to the Pacific Hotel, and of murdering Ephraim Doane, one of the inmates.

Dr. Strader, the landlord, and Charles Waldrup, the watchman, have also been arrested. An examination will take place to-morrow, when, from the circumstances that have already transpired, it is supposed that one of the most atrocious and diabolical outrages ever committed, will be developed. The greatest excitement prevails throughout the city in relation to the affair.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 27.—The examination of Charles S. Taylor, charged with murder and arson in connection with the burning of the Pacific Hotel, commenced yesterday, but nothing was elicited to substantiate the charge against him. The investigation is to be resumed to-day.

EX GOVERNOR WALKER.—It is rumored that this gentleman has abandoned the "Anti-Lecompton Democracy." His letter to the Anti-Lecompton meeting in this city, was altered in the date, in order more satisfactorily to excuse his non-appearance. The "Press," however, alleges that the report of his defection is without foundation. A few words from the Ex-Governor himself, "defining his position," may be expected, we suppose, before many days.

——Since writing the above, an account of Gov. Walker's letter to the Indiana Anti-Lecompton Convention has come to hand, which leaves no doubt that he occupies his Anti-Lecompton position. He says that his pledges to the people of Kansas shall be redeemed by him if necessary to the latest hour of his existence, even to the shedding of the last drop of his blood. He says: "Whatever may be the action of the wavering, the timid or corrupt, menaces and proscription have no terror for me. Is this the 82nd year of our Independence, or is it the first year of *American Monarchy*, that is now dawning upon us? Let the people—let the masses composing the true Democracy, arouse from their slumbers.—Let them break the chains which would fetter their free thought and opinion, and assert their blood-bought rights, and especially the great, indefeasible sovereign right of self-government. We have fallen upon evil times. *The liberties of the country are in danger.* Let the people of every town, county and State rise in their majesty to the rescue."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27th.—Horace Greeley was examined this morning before the Tariff Investigation Committee. Knew nothing of any corruption.

The position of the Senators from Minnesota upon the Kansas question causes much speculation. The friends of Gen. Shields deny the assertion that he has given his opinion in favor of Lecompton. They insist that he is in perfect harmony with Judge Douglas.

FROM CALIFORNIA—The Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 20th, with the California mails and $1,600,000. News said to be unimportant.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 196—Adults 92, and children 104.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

RIVAL PREPARATIONS—A SPLENDID FETE—AN IMMEMORIAL INDUSTRY.

Paris, February 4, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor, moved thereto by the late attempt on his life, has just issued a decree, completing the Senatus-Consultus of July 17, 1856, in its provisions for the Regency in case of the crown devolving to a minor. The Empress, by this decree, will become Regent by the mere fact of the Emperor's decease, without his having made other arrangements; and a Privy-Council, composed of the two nearest heirs to the Imperial succession, the Archbishop of Paris, the Duke of Malakoff (Marshal Pelissier) Achille Fould, Troplong, De Morny, Baroche, and De Persigny, now first constituted, will become, by the event of such decease, the Council of the Regency, with the Empress at its head, and the depositary of the supreme power during the minority of the heir. Should the army be faithful to the Empire, the latter might have a chance of maintaining itself after the death of its present chief; without that support, Regency, Council, and heir, would be swept off in an hour. The sympathies of the army are thought to be divided, principally between the Napoleonists and the Orleanists. The latter, as remarked in my last, are organizing their programme in case of the Emperor's fall; and as they have certainly a large party in the army, there is thus a tolerably clear prospect that a civil war, in addition to the more transitory horrors of street-fighting, would follow the cutting short of the life of the present ruler.

But "sufficient to the day" is its own political uncertainty; and leaving the future destinies of this richly-gifted people, so wasteful in its expenditure of its resources, to be settled when the time of settlement arrives, let me chronicle the important fact that the ball given by Lord Cowley on the 26th of last month, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, was one of the most splendid successes in its way ever achieved in this splendor-loving capital.

As the people of Paris are too much accustomed to "dance on a volcano" to think of curtailing their amusements because the political horizon happens to be gloomy, all the gay world would fain have got itself invited to the ball at the British Embassy. But there are limits to the capacity of the most hospitable ball-rooms; and moreover, on this occasion, Lord and Lady Cowley had determined to admit no more guests than the rooms could comfortably hold, so as to avoid all risk of the undignified cramming so common here, and whose results are so fatal to the costumes of the belles that get wedged in the doorways, leaving there sometimes the greater part of their perishable draperies. In order to ensure to the *fete* a propriety and elegance worthy of its "august" occasion, the invitations were extended only to the "cream of the cream" of grandees now here; and the refusals of prayers for tickets were counted not by hundreds but by thousands!

The *ball-room was hung* with blue and white damask, and magnificently ornamented, the arms of France and England being conspicuously intermingled. The ball was graced by the appearance of the Emperor in black, with the blue ribband of the Garter taking precedence of *his other orders, and of the Empress in a white* robe trimmed, in honor of the occasion, with a profusion of plaid ribbons. The toilettes were magnificent, and every body was blazing with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, the greater part of which—the assembly being so carefully chosen—were probably real, though such is not generally the case, the cunning artificers of Paris now producing imitations that the eye of the most experienced jeweller cannot distinguish from real without the application of other tests. One grand diplomatic lady lost a gorgeous diamond necklace during a dance; but the missing ornament was happily found by the Chevalier d'Antas, who was permitted to re-clasp it round the fair owner's neck. One stone, however, had been knocked from its place in the fall; but happily the jewel was discovered, (unhurt, being a true diamond, and so not brittle like the false ones) under the satin shoe of another dancer. The introduction of a chorus of voices, by which all the quadrilles were sung, the orchestra only giving the other dances, was voted on all hands to be a charming innovation, and will doubtless be imitated by many givers of fetes. The change from the strains of the instruments to those of the human voice, produced indeed a most delightful effect.

Instead of the cold collation usual on such occasions, the company were agreeably surprised to find themselves called on to sit down to a hot supper composed of the most luxurious viands, and set out in a pavilion erected for the purpose in the garden behind the hotel. The tables were filled thrice over, and the splendid supper—at which disappeared all the unrivalled Madeira of 1804, which had formed one of the choicest treasures of the late Marshal-Duke of Raguza's cellars, purchased by Lord Cowley at the recent sale after the death of the Duchess—was the crowning success of the evening. The Emperor and Empress supped in a saloon fitted up for them; and dancing was kept up until four o'clock in the morning. As the English Ambassadors in all the Capitals of Europe gave a similar entertainment on the same evening, it may be said, without much exaggeration, that the quintessence of the nobility and gentry of Europe were, at the same time, the guests of Queen Victoria.

But I took up my pen with the intention of chronicling, not the gay doings of courtly visitants, but a most ingenious resuscitation of the beautiful art of the Mosaic-worker, so brilliant in other days, though so much neglected in our own: a new method of production, which promises to render this beautiful style of ornamentation an important element in architectural embellishment. But before entering on this part of my subject, let me ask the attention of your readers to a brief review of the nature and vicissitudes of the art in question.

The art of the Mosaic-worker is exceedingly ancient; having flourished successively in Assyria, Persia, Egypt and Greece. From the latter country it was introduced, in the time of Sylla, into Rome, where it took root rapidly, and whence it spread throughout Italy, to the remotest provinces of the Empire.

This art, which aims at producing the effect of painting, by means of bits of different substances of various shape, size and color, imbedded in a layer of stucco prepared for the purpose, and forming, by an ingenious juxtaposition, the patterns to be represented, was composed, in the earliest times, of fragments of bricks and stones of different colors.

In Persia, the Mosaists at first employed cubes or dice of two colors only, so disposed as to form a variety of simple patterns; until, as they gradually enlarged their stock of materials, they began to imitate the designs and colors of their richest tissues, substituting cubes of the rarest and most beautiful marbles for the bits of brick and other inferior substances formerly employed in this species of composition.

It was among the Greeks that the *lithostroton*, or Mosaic composed of cubes of various colors, but of equal dimensions, forming a simple pattern repeated at regular intervals, and principally employed in paving the interiors of public and private edifices, was first modified by the substitution of pieces of various shape and size, determined by the exigencies of the subject to be represented. This innovation, spoken of by Pliny as *genus pavimenti fregicani*, and known in Italy at the present day as *lavoro a composto*, constitutes a species of inlaying similar to the modern marquetry, but composed of stone instead of wood.

The Mosaic art was subsequently still further modified by the employment of fragments of marble, of irregular shape, but exceedingly minute. In this species of Mosaic, called *opus vermiculatum*, the fragments of marble were mixed into a sort of stucco, forming a colored paste, which was employed in the production of patterns in relief, disposed over a wooded surface, in the same manner as the cubes employed in the primitive Mosaic. The minuteness of the fragments thus employed, affording additional facilities for the representation of subjects offering a great variety of outline, the innovation was rapidly adopted, and the Mosaists now began to attempt the representation of a higher order of subjects, geometrical figures, animals, flowers, and mythological and historical personages and scenes.—Mosaic pictures became the rage in Rome, emperors and patricians set the fashion, and the provincials followed in their steps. Such was the favor with which their art was now regarded, that the Roman Mosaists, to obviate the dullness of the colors hitherto employed, had recourse to the use of the most costly jewels, and made use of emeralds, turquoises, agates, cornelians, onyx, jaspers and other precious stones, imparting to their productions a brilliance of tone never before attained.

But the increased cost of the Mosaic pictures, composed of these expensive materials, exercising an injurious influence upon their sale, the Mosaists now turned their attention to the discovery of some other substances that should be equally brilliant in tone, but less costly. This *desideratum* was at length supplied by the Greeks, who were the first to make use of colored glass in the production of Mosaics. The works executed in this new material were remarkable for their richness of tone, clearness of design, and delicacy of finish; and this species of Mosaic was thenceforth employed, not only for the pavements and domes of edifices, but also for the adornment of their walls and pillars, and even in the ornamentation of articles of furniture.

The usage of glass in Mosaic became general *in the reign of Constantine*, and was introduced under his auspices into Byzantium, whence it spread throughout the Eastern Empire, in which it remained in force until the invasion of the Turks. The Byzantine Mosaists introduced many important improvements into the art; among others, that of covering minute cubes of marble with a layer of glass, under which they introduced gold and silver leaf, a proceeding from which the art of enamelling took its rise.

But neither the conquering Turks, nor the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century, respected the Mosaists or their works. Banished from Constantinople, the art took refuge in Venice, where its first efforts were employed in the decoration of the famous Church of St. Mark, and whence it was disseminated throughout Italy, flourishing especially in Florence, and in Rome, where it was encouraged by the popes.

The age of Leon X. was fertile in works of Mosaic, which were equally in demand for pictures and for floorings.

As early as the 10th century, the pavements of churches were frequently composed of stones of various colors, representing legendary or biblical subjects. The succeeding century witnessed the creation of many beautiful works of this nature, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the pavements of the Cathedral of Rheims—executed by Guyon Wide, in small pieces of jasper, porphyry and marble, painted and enamelled, and representing in its several compartments the Twelve Apostles, Seven Arts, Four Seasons, and Twelve Months of the Year—and that of the Church of St. Phillipe at Tournois—representing the twelve Signs of the Zodiac and other subjects—still challenge admiration, and invite the attention of the lovers of the art.

It was not, however, until the 15th and 16th centuries that Mosaic floors came largely into use, under the name of Venitian pavements, from the development which this artistic industry had attained in Venice. At a later period, Napoleon I., under the influence of Guinguéné, attempted to found a School of Mosaic in France, and for that purpose, invited into that country several skillful Mosaic-workers of Venice, at whose head he placed a distinguished artist, Belloni, the successful restorer of the Mosaic in the Museum of Lyons. But it was found impossible to produce Mosaics except at a price so much higher than that of the ignoble floorings of brick and stone in vogue in that country, that the attempt to induce the French to substitute the former for the latter was altogether without success; and although supported by the patronage of the Government, the enterprise languished, and was at length abandoned.

The inevitable costliness of this species of work, as formerly carried on, appears to have been the determining cause of the decline of the Mosaic art at various periods. We have seen that marble, granite, serpentine, jasper, porphyry, agates, aventurines, malachite, chalcedony, and other equally expensive substances, formed the staple materials of the old Mosaists of Greece and Italy; materials whose original costliness was enormously enhanced by the amount of skilled and delicate manual labor required for their cutting into the minute cubes demanded for the work of composition, and of which at least five thousand were employed in the production of every square yard of pictorial surface. Besides this laborious preparation of the cubes, the design to be re-produced had to be notched out to the depth of about half an inch in the slab of marble which formed the basis of the work; the required cubes being then placed side by side in the hollows thus formed, and fixed in place by means of a stucco composed of lime and marble-dust, after which the surface of the Mosaic was carefully polished with sandstone.

It is evident that the results of so complicated and costly a process could only be obtained at a price which necessarily restricted their application to the embellishment of public monuments, the palaces of sovereigns, and the mansions of opulent patricians. And although the substitution of cubes of colored glass by the Byzantine artists, as already mentioned, enabled the Mosaists of Greece and Italy to effect a considerable reduction in the cost of their work, while producing compositions which they regarded as their finest and most precious *chef d'œuvres*, this reduction was not sufficient to bring the creations of the Mosaic-worker within reach of any but the wealthier portion of the community.

A very ingenious attempt to bring this beautiful branch of ornament within the scope of ordinary purses—so far, at least, as its adaptation to pavements and floors is concerned—is now being made in the neighborhood of Vaucluse, where the discovery of an extensive bed of argillaceous ochre, whose various strata offer a great variety of color, while the clay is found to be susceptible of indefinite modification of hue and shade by the admixture of coloring matters, and of acquiring in the kiln a degree of hardness so great that bricks made of it, when rubbed against silex, scratch the silex, while preserving their own surface intact, has led to the establishment of works for the manufacture of Mosaic for floors.

In this factory the clay, masses of which have been previously colored to every variety of hue called for in pictorial production, is carefully kneaded to the proper consistency, moulded, with the aid of machinery worked by steam, into cubes of the desired size, which are then baked in a kiln. These cubes, which are thus produced with the greatest rapidity, and with a precision of form and identity of size such as could never be obtained by the chisel of the old lapidaries, and so hard that they cannot be broken with a hammer, are then packed for use in separate receptacles, each shade by itself.

Each shade of color, moreover, is distinguished by its own number, which is repeated on the bottom of the cubes; so that the workman employed in the re-production of a given design has only to place, upon a basis prepared for the operation, the cubes indicated by the numbering of the squares in the pattern before him.

In this method of working, the numbered end of the cubes is uppermost; the surface which will eventually court the eye being underneath. The cubes, being tapered off in the mould so as to be narrower at their numbered end, the surface which is uppermost under the workman's hand presents a succession of interstitial rectangular lines, intersecting one another over its whole extent; and these interstices, on the completion of the design are filled with a fluid bituminous cement, which connects the cubes together, and which, becoming excessively hard as it cools, converts them into a solid mass, whose component parts adhere together with a force of cohesion that resists all efforts to disunite them. The *slabs of Mosaic* thus completed by the hardening of the cement—the ingredients of which are varied according to the temperature of the locality to which the Mosaic is destined—are removed from the frame, packed, and forwarded to their destination, where they are laid down upon a bed of cement previously prepared for their reception.

Mosaic pictures of any size or style, and whose beauty depends simply on the genius of the artist who created the picture that has served as its pattern, which can never fade, and which, being too hard to be scratched or chipped by any amount of wear, bid fair to last for an indefinite length of time, may thus be procured at the comparatively trifling cost of about a guinea the square yard; while designs composed of a repetition of geometrical figures, and a limited number of colors, executed in cube of larger size, and producing something of the same effect as ordinary floor-cloths—but as impermeable to damp, and as indestructible as the more elaborate pictorial Mosaics—are to be had at various prices down to about seven shillings the square yard.

It would seem to be not improbable therefore, that the decaying art of the Mosaic-worker may be destined once more to revive and flourish: and beautiful and effective as this branch of pictorial embellishment may undoubtedly be made, the ingenious method of production just described, bringing it for the first time within the range of popular sympathy, may perhaps give to this immemorial branch of artistic industry a permanent footing in the architecture of modern days.

QUANTUM.

THE late Dr. Proal, rector of Trinity Church, at Utica, N. Y., shortly before his death, caused all his manuscript sermons, 1,700 in number, to be placed in a heap before him, and a match applied to them. A very commendable action probably.

THE custom-house at Sandusky, Ohio, cost $74 571 85. The revenue collected there last year was $567.84, and principally on importation of railroad iron, which may not happen again. There are said to be many such examples scattered all over the United States.

CRAWFORD'S Equestrian Statue of Washington was inaugurated in Richmond, Virginia, on the 22nd, with great ceremonies. Senator Hunter delivered the address, and 15,000 persons are said to have been present. The military display was very fine.

THE Washington correspondents telegraph that Minnesota will probably soon be admitted into the Union. The whole delegation now in Washington is said to be in favor of the Lecompton Constitution, and will vote with the Administration.

IT is said that the Prussian Government is about to send a frigate to the China seas. The Austrian Government despatched a frigate which has probably arrived at Canton by this time.

SAD CASE OF POSTPONED MARRIAGE.—A young lady in Danbury, Connecticut, is desirous of getting married. She has obtained all the necessary articles—the man, bridal attire, gewgaws, "chicken fixins," &c., but an alarming obstacle has presented itself. There is no church in that place with aisles broad enough to admit her crinoline—and so she is obliged to postpone the "happy day" until the completion of a new sanctuary, which is in progress of erection.

THE Jury in the case of Ela vs. Ex-Mayor Smith, General Edmands, and others, of Boston, who claimed damages for injuries received at the rendition of the fugitive slave Burns, have rendered a verdict in favor of the defendants.

A BOGUS LOTTERY.—The citizens of New Orleans last week found that they had been swindled out of about $20,000 by a man who got up a tempting lottery, and, after disposing of the tickets, left for parts unknown before the drawing

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.—THE FRENCH INSULTS EXPLAINED.—BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.—COTTON ADVANCED ¼d.

The Anglo Saxon brings dates to the 10th ult. She was detained twelve hours off Cape Race by ice.

ENGLAND.—In the House of Peers, on the 8th ultimo, Lord Lyndhurst inquired whether any communications had passed between the British and French governments respecting certain insulting paragraphs in the Paris "Moniteur." He contended that the French government, by authorizing the publication of the insults, had taken a responsibility.

Lord Granville said that a note had been received from Count Walewski, explaining away the publication of these addresses, and expressing the regret of the Emperor at the appearance of anything offensive to England.

A vote of thanks has been passed in both Houses of Parliament to the army in India, after some objections being made by Lord Canning being included in the vote.

Lord Palmerston, in asking leave to present the bill to amend the penal laws, said that the government had no intention to propose any such measure although driven to consider the present state of the law in regard to conspiracies. He concluded by pointing out the necessity for amendment on general grounds.

Mr Kinglake moved an amendment that the House deems it inexpedient to comply with the demand of Count Walewski, until further information is afforded by the production of the communications between the two governments subsequent to that despatch. He was not inclined to alter the municipal law of the country at the demand of any power.

A variety of speeches were made against the proposed measure, including a very sarcastic one by Mr. Roebuck.

The following evening the debate was resumed when speeches in its favor were made by Lord John Russell, Mr. D'Israeli and others.

Lord Palmerston's motion was finally agreed to, by a vote of 299 against 99.

The London Post says that one of the principals in the attempted assassinat on of Napoleon is an Englishman, named Thomas Allsop, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange.

The despatch from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the French Ambassador in London, is couched in moderate language. It concludes by expressing confidence in the exalted reason of the English Cabinet, abstains from all indication as regards suitable measures, and thinks that the French Government shall not have appealed in vain to their honor and loyalty.

Severe election riots have occurred at Limerick. Many persons were seriously injured.—The military succeeded in restoring order.

INDIA AND CHINA.—Sir Colin Campbell had taken possession of Ferukabad, which was abandoned by the enemy on the 2nd. Gorusbpore was taken on the 6th, by the forces under Maharajah Jung Bahador, and seven guns taken.—Two hundred of the enemy were killed. The English loss was only two Goorkans killed and seven wounded. The roads between Delhi and Calcutta were open.

The combined forces landed at Canton on the 28th of December, including 4,600 British and 900 French. The walls were escaladed on the 28th, and the heights within the town taken possession of by nine o'clock in the morning. The enemy feebly contested the advance within the city.

The captain of the ship Acteon was killed.

The Times' despatch says that the bombardment commenced at daylight on the 28th, and continued all day and night. The assault was made in three divisions, at six o'clock in the morning.

Gough's fort was taken, and two others were blown up.

The Chinese continue to fire from their houses, but the troops were restrained from entering the city.

[illegible] had considerably declined at Hong Kong.

SWITZERLAND.—A difficulty is reported to have arisen between France and Switzerland, in regard to political refugees.

RUSSIA.—The Prince and Princess of Prussia made their public entry into Berlin on the 8th inst., and were most enthusiastically received. The display was very brilliant.

SWEDEN.—Another Swedish loan of eight millions is announced, to be employed in the construction of railroads.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Feb. 23.—The sales of Cotton for the last three days, have been 27,000 bales, including 6000 to speculators, and 2000 for export. All qualities have advanced ¼d, the market closing firm.

THREE DAYS LATER.

HALIFAX, Feb. 28.—The royal mail steamship America arrived last evening from Liverpool, with dates to Saturday, the 13th inst., being three days later than previous advices.

The America experienced heavy weather during the whole voyage, and was detained for nine hours to the southeast of Sable Island by ice.

A serious collision had occurred off Holyhead between the steamship North American, from Portland, and the American bark Leander, of Bath, Me., for New Orleans. The bark was sunk and ten lives were lost, including Mrs. Curtis, the wife of the captain. Captain Curtis and eleven others were rescued by the steamer.

The British Government had declined to interfere in regard to Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and others, the evidence of their complicity with the recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon not being sufficient.

Lord Palmerston explained that, so far from Louis Napoleon having paid the legacy bequeathed by Napoleon I. to Cantillon, for an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, an application for it had been rejected, on the ground that the testator must have been in a state of mental aberration when he made the bequest. A part of the bequest was paid under the Bourbon regime.

Lord Palmerston moved for leave to bring in his new India bills to transfer the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown. The alterations proposed were to be as little as was consistent with the object the Government had in view, namely, to make the advisers of the Crown responsible for the Government of India. It was proposed to abolish the Court of Directors, and in lieu thereof to establish a Council, to be mainly composed of persons who had been in India, or who knew Indian affairs well, the Council to consist of eight persons, to go out in rotation every two years.

The President of the Council would be appointed by the Government; the power of the President would not extend to matters of finance; in such matters the President would have the assistance of four Councillors; the President would be one of the Secretaries of State, with a stipend accordingly.

Mr. T. Baring moved as an amendment that it is not at present expedient to legislate for the Government.

The matter was then debated at some length, but without arriving at any result.

In the House of Commons, on the 10th inst., Lord John Russell's bill, modifying Parliamentary oaths, so as to admit of Jews taking them, was debated and read a second time.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Bright presented a petition from 5,000 citizens of Birmingham, in favor of Parliamentary reform.

Sir John Packington, in a long speech, moved that an address be presented to Her Majesty, for a commission to inquire into the present state of popular education in England, and to consider and report the changes, if any are required, for the extension of sound and cheap elementary instruction to all classes. The motion was agreed to after some debate.

The London Daily News says that a meeting of the shareholders of the Illinois Central Railroad was held on the 11th inst. Mr. Osborne, President of the Company, was present. The appointment of Mr. Fisher as auditor, who is now on a visit of inspection to the United States, was confirmed. Resolutions were passed recommending the Directors not to enter into any fresh engagements without previously submitting them to the shareholders in public meeting.

Various explanations were given by Mr. Osborne relative to the position of the Company, and were received with satisfaction.

The London Police Department offers a reward of £200 for the apprehension of Thomas Allsop, who is charged as an accessory to the conspiracy against Emperor Napoleon's life.

THE CONTINENT.—Changes in the French Ministry are said to be contemplated.

The monthly statement of the Bank of France shows a gain of nearly thirteen millions of francs in the bullion held in Paris, and a gain of nearly nineteen millions in the country parishes.

A motion was passed by 44 to 7, in the Legislative Council of Denmark, for the instant fortification of Copenhagen.

The Swedish Chambers have repealed the project of the Government for the fortification of Stockholm, and also the project of a law for increased religious toleration.

The journals of Moscow contain a list of 501 landed proprietors, belonging to the order of the Noblesse, who have given in their adhesion to the liberal measures of the Emperor respecting the emancipation of the serfs, which it was expected at one time they would oppose.

The Bank of Holland has reduced its rates from 4½ to 4 per cent. The Bank of France has also reduced its rate to 3 per cent., and the Bank of Bremen from 5 to 4 per cent.

The Journal de Frankfort states that the crisis in St. Petersburg has caused several failures, with liabilities from fifty to two hundred thousand silver roubles.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 12.—Cotton Market.—The sales of the week have been 77,000 bales, including 10,500 to speculators, and 7500 to exporters. All qualities has advanced ⅛d, and in some instances a slight further advance was asked and received, the market closing buoyant and active. The Manchester advices are favorable.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market is very dull, and quotations nominal. Wheat active, with an advance in inferior qualities of red, which is quoted at 1s2d higher. Corn dull, with a declining tendency. The Brokers' circular says that white corn has declined 2s during the week.

PROVISIONS declining. Beef heavy, with little inquiry and prices weak. Pork heavy. Bacon dull, and Lard heavy at a decline of 1s; quotations are nominal. For Tallow the market is generally unchanged.

Coffee steady but quiet. Rice quiet and quotations barely maintained. Middling quality of Carolina sold at 38s 6d.

Rosin steady; sales of common at 4s 1d@4s 3d. Spirits of Turpentine dull at 33s 6d@34s.

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 12.—Baring Brothers' circular quotes Sugar quiet at a decline of 6d@1s, but closed with a better demand. Coffee quiet.

Lard dull, and all qualities have slightly advanced; sales of western at 54s.

Tea—A decline, chiefly in inferior qualities.

The money market was decidedly easier. The Bank of England has reduced the rates of discount to 3 per cent. The lowest for five years. The bullion in Bank has increased £700,000 during the week.

Consols are quoted at 99@99⅛.

The accounts from London confirm the statements received by previous arrivals, of a continued accumulation of capital, and the bullion in the Bank was daily showing an important increase. Discounts are noted as quite common at 2¾ per cent, and some are reported as low as 2. It was the belief among many financial men that this almost unprecedented stagnation in monetary affairs would soon lead to a wild and reckless speculation in the Funds, in Stocks, and in the most inviting articles of produce. Consols had advanced ¼ per cent. since Tuesday, and closed firm, with an upward tendency.

American Stocks were more inquired for, and a still further improvement had taken place in some descriptions.

NEWS ITEMS.

A PRIVATE letter from Berlin, Wisconsin, dated Feb. 9, gives the following extraordinary low rates for produce in that place:—"Wheat is selling at 40 cents per bushel; oats, 17 cents per bushel; corn, 20 cents per bushel; potatoes, 12½ cents per bushel; butter, 12½ cents per pound; eggs, 11 cents per dozen; white beans, 62½ cents per bushel, while, last spring, they brought $4 per bushel in the market. Hay is selling at from $2 to $2,50 per ton, and good hickory wood brings $2 per cord."

MANUFACTURING IN RHODE ISLAND.—The last returns of the Rhode Island manufactories show 54 cotton mills on full time, 12 on short time, and 13 stopped. The returns of all the manufacturing and mechanical establishments show 100 on full time, 61 on short time or partial operation, 19 stopped; 27,523 hands on full time, 10,805 on short time, 8,198 idle. Compared with the week before, there was an increase of 10 mills and over 2,000 hands working full time. The number of hands totally out of employment decreased 660.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.—By the muster-roll of the "Lords spiritual and temporal" of the present British Parliament, it appears that the whole number who compose the upper house, or House of Lords, is four hundred and fifty-one. Of the entire catalogue, exclusive of princes of royal blood, there are only one hundred and eighteen peers whose titles are older than the reign of George III.

HAVING A FINE TIME OF IT.—Hawes Crowell shipped as steward, recently, of the brig Helen Jane, on a voyage from Boston, Mass., to Truxillo, Honduras, but on the second day after sailing he disappeared, and was supposed to have fallen overboard. On the brig's arrival at Truxillo, the steward made his appearance, when it was found that he had been stowed away in the hold, and had managed to support life in a sumptuous manner. He had been there 22 days, and in that time had consumed eight baskets of champaigne, six boxes of raisins, ham, &c., to the amount of $250. He will be sent to the United States for trial.

ARTIFICIAL ear drums are now made of fine silver wire, with a disk of India rubber or gutta percha between. They are placed in the ear and worn without inconvenience; and it is said the effect is magical.

THE Packet of the 19th of December says:—"The fact of an armed revolt in Minas, Brazil, headed by Brigido Solveira, appears certain, and that is enough as a certain harbinger of coming evils."

SINGULAR CAUSE FOR SUICIDE.—The Boston (Mass.) Post, says:—"The papers give no cause for the suicide of Mr. Harper, at Orishany, N. Y., except that he was a Justice of the Peace."

SUDDEN DEATH IN A CHURCH.—At the funeral of the Rev. Jesse Anthony, at the North Second Street Methodist Church, in Troy, New York, on Thursday week, after the sermon, the Rev. Samuel Howe pronounced a eulogium on the deceased, concluding as follows:—"I am 78 years of age; my feet are near those of Brother Anthony, and I shall soon join him." Mr. Howe then went into the basement, seated himself in a rocking-chair, and instantly expired.

PROFITABLE STOCK.—Selah Galpin, of Westfield, Conn., last year kept 50 hens, which gave him 508 dozen of eggs, and raised 30 chickens. They consumed 24 bushels of corn and five bushels of buckwheat.

GOOD NEWS.—The Thibodeaux (La.) Minerva says, that neither the orange, nor any other blossoms were injured by the late frosts.

PROGRESS OF LIGHT.—The streets of Jacksonville, Illinois, were lighted with gas for the first time on Saturday night the 6th ult.

MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR BOXES.—The Gardiner (Me.) Journal says that the manufacture of sugar boxes is largely carried on in that city this winter, and has enabled all the mills to keep at work at remunerative rates. It is estimated that $25,000 worth will be made there during the winter.

DEFEATED.—A bill limiting bank notes to $10 and $20 has been defeated in the Virginia Senate, for want of a constitutional majority.

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.—It is said that religious animosity rages in some parts of Ireland with the most unparalleled intensity. At Castlebar both Catholic and Protestant soldiers go armed to their respective places of worship.

THE Westminster Review says the direct worth of India to Englishmen of all classes is not less than £10,000,000. This is a magnificent subsidy for one country to pay another.

THE joint committee on the President's Kansas message, in the Texas Legislature, has reported favorably on a bill appointing delegates to a Southern Convention, in case one is called.

RAILROAD DECISION.—The Supreme Court of New York, in the Second District, have decided that the rolling stock of a railroad is a fixture of the same, and not personal property; and that consequently a mortgage on rolling stock does not require to be held as in the case of a chattel mortgage, in order to protect the property against judgment creditors.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has adopted an amendment to the Constitution, providing that a foreigner shall reside in the State two years *after* naturalization before he can be made a voter.

A YOUNG lady, seventeen years of age, named Louise Ann Walker, residing in the town of Nassau, Rensselaer county, New York, recently fell dead in her mother's arms. A moment before she was in the full bloom of youth, health, and beauty.

THE CLAY AND CULLOM DIFFICULTY SETTLED.—The challenge having been withdrawn and the seconds retired, the matter was left to the Hon. J. J. Crittenden and the Hon. Robert Toombs, who selected as third party, Hon. A. Kennedy. The three then considered the circumstances attending the difficulty, and concluded that Mr. Cullum should apologize to Mr. Clay, as he (Mr. Cullum) acted under misapprehensions and was wrong when he struck Mr. Clay.

COMPETITION has cheapened very considerably the cost of fare to California. The old mail line via Panama now charges for the second cabin $100, instead of $300, and for the steerage $50, instead of $130. This includes the $25 charged each passenger for the transit of the Isthmus. The public are getting the benefit of the rivalry, but whether the companies will make anything by it is doubtful.

THE Ohio State Senate has passed the bill repealing an Act prohibiting the confinement of fugitive slaves in the jails of Ozio, by a vote of 20 to 14.

REBELLION IN A SCHOOL.—A few days since George Smith, a teacher in a public school at Perrysville, Alleghany county, Pa., while endeavoring to enforce order in school, was assailed by several of the larger pupils, both male and female, and severely injured. On consultation with the Directors, Mr. Smith went to Pittsburg and made information against five boys and two girls, and warrants were accordingly issued for their apprehension, to answer a charge of assault and battery.

GASTRONOMIC FEAT.—A Canadian paper relates the following, showing how a promissory note was swallowed and the broker "sucked in":—Dr. Charles Sabourin, ex-Mayor of Longueil, had obtained discount on a note for $5,300 of a note shaver named Malo, and on the 16th ult., Sabourin called at Malo's office to pay a part and gave a note for the balance. While Malo was casting the interest, Sabourin seized the note from the table and swallowed it. Sabourin is under arrest on a charge of felony.

THE overland emigration to California, in 1857, that passed the Devil's Gate, as kept at the Mormon mail station, was as follows:—Immigrants, 12,500; wagons, 950; cattle, 67,000; horses and mules, (about) 2,500; sheep, 20,000. There were several large droves of cattle taken on speculation; but as a general thing, the emigrants took only what they thought they would need on the plains, and for a good start when they got there.

PROFITABLE READING.—It is stated that seven of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's recent Shakspearean readings in New York city, netted the sum of $6,000.

MRS. MAJOR BLISS.—We notice that Mrs. Bliss, widow of the late Major Bliss, U. S. Army, and daughter of Gen. Taylor, the ex-President, was married on the 11th ult., to Philip P. Dandridge, Esq., of Virginia. The marriage took place at New Orleans.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A MINISTER.—On Sunday morning last the Congregational Chapel, Gorleston, was thrown into some state of alarm by the sudden death of their minister, the Rev. Joseph Pike, who had partly gone through the service. Having given out his text—the last verse 17th Psalm—"As for me I will behold thy face in righteousness," he had not proceeded many minutes when he fell suddenly back in his pulpit senseless. In about an hour from the time of his being first taken he expired. The deceased died from a paralytic stroke.—*Bury and Norwich Post.*

THE Woonsocket Patriot records a successful surgical operation, consisting in the removal of the entire lip of a gentleman, and forming a substitute from the sides of the cheek in so perfect a manner as to overcome the entire deformity. The lip had been eaten away by caustic nearly down to the point of the chin, for what had been called cancer, and the patient had been a martyr for three years past to the most intense suffering.

SALE OF COWS.—At an auction sale of cows belonging to Mr. P. B Derry, on the Harwood farm, situated in Barre, Mass., and lately purchased by A. H. Holland, Esq., of this city, the following prices were obtained, viz: $125, $120, $100, $100, $80, $80, $80, $75, $75, $72 50, $65, $57 50,—making for twelve cows (the entire lot) $1,030, or $85 88 as the average. This is said to be the largest sale, or the most money ever received for the entire lot of cows on any farm in Worcester county, where the number was only twelve.—*Boston Journal.*

NEBRASKA SALT.—It is stated that excellent salt is manufactured at the Salt Springs in Lancaster county, Nebraska, equal to the best qualities manufactured in any part of the world.—The water from which the salt is made yields from forty-five to fifty pounds to fifty gallons.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been excited in this city by the appearance of notices upon the fine new granite structure on Chestnut street, recently put up for the Bank of Pennsylvania, setting forth that the banking house had been levied upon to secure the payment of an aggregate sum of more than $10 000 due Messrs. Wood & Perot and Morris, Tasker & Merris, for labor done and materials furnished for the building. The structure has cost, we believe, about $200,000, of which over $40,000 is unpaid.

FROM KANSAS—*Adjournment of the Legislature.*—The House Bill, declaring—that if any individual, claiming to have authority from the Lecompton Convention, shall publish, in the shape of an official proclamation, any declaration to the effect that the Constitution made by said Convention is the Constitution of the State of Kansas, or shall call on any person or persons to act as officers under said Constitution, or shall offer, or pretend to, or, in fact, commission any person claiming to be Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Auditor, and Treasurer of State, under said Constitution, or claiming to be elected to either House of the Legislative Assembly, or a member to Congress, under said Constitution, shall assume the duties of any or either of said offices under said Constitution, or if any person or persons shall attempt, in any manner whatever, to give effect to the Government under said Constitution, within this Territory, such person or persons, officer or officers, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction, shall suffer death; was set to be in force from and after its passage—was passed by a vote of 35 to 3.

The Council rejected this bill, 7 to 4, and passed a series of resolutions, of which the following is the principal:

"*Resolved*, That in the event of such admission, we, in behalf of the people of the Territory, as reflecting their fixed and unalterable determination upon this subject, will view the same as a declaration of war; and relying upon the justice of our cause, and the united strength of those who are bound to us by their sympathies and interest, both East and West, we will go into the fight, despite the disparity of our position, for extermination or success."

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 25.—The Leavenworth Times says that the judges and clerks of the election in Shawnee District were arrested, and on being sworn before the Legislative Investigating Committee, testified that the poll book of Shawnee was taken to Westport, Mo., and that three hundred names were added thereto, at that place. J. J. Clarkson, the postmaster at Leavenworth, was burned in effigy on the night of the 15th, and threats were made to hang him if he could be caught.

☞ "What some folks think," is to some ministers the judgment day.—*Beecher.*

☞ Strong passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.—*Tucker.*

AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.

The best way to see the agriculture of a country is to shoot over it. A landlord who shoots over his estate knows the rotation of every field, and his tenant will not wisely be too persistent in his straw crops. With a view to this same sort of minute acquaintance with the agriculture of the Flowery Land, I employed some of my enforced leisure at the ports in little expeditions after the China pheasants. I used to take a Sanchee boat and go away up the rivers and creeks, some twenty or thirty miles, and anchor off some likely spot for the night. Next morning my servant went to the nearest village, and hired three peasants with long Bamboos, and we went forth scouring the country. The ground round the Ningbo plantations, which are always attached to houses, is cultivated in lands, like allotment grounds in England—a land of Cotton, another of Peas, a third of Indigo, a fourth of White Turnips, and so on. Altogether, the October shooting in China is not quite worth following for itself alone. But for the exercise, and as an excuse for exploring the country, it is greatly to be cultivated.

After investigation, I am convinced that England has nothing to learn from China in the art of agriculture. It is true the Chinese have no summer fallows; but then they have no stiff clays. They have no Couch Grass, no Thistles contending for the full possession of the land, as we see in Wales; no uninvited Poppies, no straggling stalky crops, the poverty-stricken covering of an exhausted soil. At rare intervals we see a large, rich-colored coxcomb flaunting himself among the Cotton; but, generally speaking, there is not a leaf above the ground which does not appertain to the crop to which the field is appropriated. Rice and Cotton are the staples of the great district of which I am now speaking. These crops often extend in unbroken breadth over tracts of thousands of acres. The Peas, and Wheat, and Indigo, and Turnips, and Bringalls lie in patches round the villages. The ground is not only clean, but the soil is so exquisitely pulverized, that after a week's rain I have sometimes looked about in vain for a clod to throw into a pond to startle the waterfowl.

We may be accustomed to mark the course of agriculture throughout the breadth of our own land—the light loams of our Lincolnshire wolds, the Turnip and Barley lands of Norfolk, the strong flats of Suffolk; then westward to the rich pastures of Leicester, the mixed dairy and arable farms of Derbyshire, across the coalfields to the successive and attenuating Oat crops on the shores of Bala, and down the valley of the Tivey—yet we shall see nothing like the cultivation of this great plain of China.

The art is exercised under different conditions. The Chinese cultivator is not asked for milk, or butter, or cheese, or mutton, or beef. The Chinaman does not object to a little buffalo or goat's milk with his rice, and if some curious accident should have brought buffalo flesh into his basin he will eat it. But he rarely or never buys it. In his recent voyage of discovery up the "Great Junk," or "Great Western River," Commander Elliott and Captain Edgell saw droves of buffalo upon the uplands to the north of Canton, and we know that milk and mutton are common food in Tartary; but I am speaking of those parts of China where agriculture is supposed to reach perfection, not of the mountain pastures. Pork, poultry and vegetables, and the creatures that swim or crawl about his rivers and canals, are the Chinaman's natural dainties. Stall feeding, therefore, would not pay even so moderately (taking sale of stock only into consideration) as it does with us, and Grass is only seen growing rank on graves.—One or two buffalo to turn the irrigating wheel and plough the Paddy fields, two or three goats, a breeding sow, a quantity of those ugly, long-legged fowls so ignorantly called Cochin Chinas in England, and a flock of ducks and geese—such is the live stock of a Chinese farm which maintains a hundred laborers.

Stable-yard manure, therefore, is scant. Nor is it much coveted. Human ordure is, in a Chinaman's opinion, the only perfect fertilizer.—This is collected with the most oppressive care. In the cities and in the neighborhood of cities enormous dark open earthenware pans offend the senses at every turn. The privilege of collection is sold for a large price, and the Cantonese have a proverb that a fortune every day passes in that form out of their gates. In the suburbs every cottage has its open earthenware cesspool. In the country every house has its public latrine, ostentatiously placed with its open doorless entrance to the public path. The numbers and suffocative effluvia of these opposition manure-traps are to Englishmen a never-ceasing horror. They constitute his first and his last impression of the country.

These details of the "*sordida rura*" are not pleasant to write; at all times "*difficile est proprie communia dicere,*" but if the object be to depict or to comprehend China, they must be written and read. This manure is sprinkled over the plant. It is too precious to be worked into the ground. The straw and the burnt balm of the Cotton plant are returned to the soil—that is all. The Chinese transplant every root of Rice by hand, just as we should transplant young trees, and each has its little blessing of [illegible] as it is sown. This homœopathic liquid manure system would not do, I apprehend, with our hungry lands.

The art of agriculture is, I repeat, exercised under different conditions in China to what it is in England. Give an English farmer a thousand acres of vegetable loam of an unexplored depth,—a reticulation of water ways, which enables him to flood at pleasure every acre of his soil—an unfailing supply of manual labor at 4d. a day—and cheap communication by tidal creeks with large markets, give him also periodical rains, perfect drainage, and abundance of quickly ripening sunshine, and see what crops of Corn and Pulse and Potherbs he would produce! I say nothing of Tea and Cotton and Mulberry leaves: for our friend would have to scratch his head a little before he could start on a race to overtake these Chinamen, who are 4,000 years of practice ahead of him.

But then, *per contrd*, it must be recollected that this park of Ceres is infested by poachers. These happy fields are overrun by extortionate mandarins, pillaging soldiers, marauders who, in small bands, are called robbers, and in large bands aspire to be rebels and to be led by kings, river pirates who levy blackmail, and occasional swarms of locusts which darken the sun.—*The Times Commissioner.*

ENCOURAGEMENT TO OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

A short time ago the London Times gave an account of an old lady more than eighty years of age, who had cut her third set of teeth, and her features, it is said, have now the juvenescence of 30 years. Many such facts could be collected. We are therefore bound, perhaps, to give credence to certain good authorities when they assert that such natural changes have occurred in the earlier hours, that the powers of youth have been restored to persons with whom they have been familiar. "Veleseus de Taranta (let us by all means cite authority) relates that there was an abbess in the nunnery at Monviedro, who reached the great age of a hundred years, and was then very infirm; but the lost powers of nature unexpectedly came back to her. Black hairs sprouted from her head, and the white hairs were thrown off; all the teeth returned into her mouth; wrinkles were lost from her face; her bosom swelled and she became at last as fresh and lovely as she had been at the age of thirty. Many flocked to see this marvel, and no doubt paid for the privilege; but the abbess did not readily suffer herself to be seen, for she was ashamed (she said) of the recollections that her restored beauty awakened."

It is also asserted that there are means in nature of restoring youth. In Household Words, it is said, that there is a fountain in the Island of Bonica which restores youth to those who drink its waters. Certain of the inferior animals are also acquainted with herbs that restore youth to them; the stag recovers it by eating snakes, and the snakes recover it by eating fennel. Italian ladies used to eat snake meat, in order to retain their freshness and youth. Johnston, in his Chemistry of Common Life, says—"Before a Circassian beauty is sent to the seraglio at Constantinople, she eats about an ounce of a very choice and peculiar description of manna (the Sinai manna), every day for eight or ten weeks. This has the effect of imparting *embonpoint*—or rather, of beautifully rounding all the angles of the human frame; and without the least exaggeration the result is a form as beautiful as a living Venus de Medicis. This manna is also much esteemed in Syria as a remedy for affections of the chest." Roast hare is also said to be a great preserver of beauty.

Several well-authenticated instances are likewise recorded of rapid change in the color of the hair. By an inscription on a tombstone at Breslau, it appears that one John Montanus, who was a dean there, recovered the color of his hair three times. It is next to impossible to deny the great age of the patriarchs—of Methuselah, of Cainan, and of Enos. That they passed it to age at the ordinary period of life familiar to us, and then continued with the same appearance of age and decrepitude for the remainder of their days, is not probable; far more reasonable is it to suppose that they recovered their youthful powers at certain periods, like a plant that putteth on youth every spring. In our "seventh age" we not unfrequently again become "childish." Does it therefore appear incredible or impossible that man may occasionally, after his threescore years and ten, again exhibit the powers and physical qualities of youth?—*Septimus Piesse.*

SPIDERS.

The worst thing about this poor insect is, that it is so thoroughly ugly. In it nature has sacrificed everything to the formation of the industrial machine necessary for satisfying its wants. Of a circular form, furnished with eight legs and eight vigilant eyes, it astonishes (and disgusts) us by the pre-eminence of an enormous abdomen. Ignoble trait! in which the inattentive and superficial observer will see nothing but a type of gluttony. Alas! it is quite the contrary. This abdomen is its workshop, its magazine, the pocket in which the rope-maker keeps his stock, but as he fills this pocket with nothing but his own substance, he can only increase it at his own expense by means of a rigid sobriety. True type of the artisan. "If I fast to-day," he says, "I shall, perhaps, get something to eat to-morrow; but if my manufacture be stopped, everything is lost, and my stomach will have to fast forever." In character the spider is watchful and cunning: in disposition timid, uneasy, and nervous; being endowed with a more sensitive nature than is possessed by any other insect. These characteristics are the natural result of its miserable condition, which is a state of constant, passive, weary waiting. To be for ever watching the ceaseless, joyous, careless dances of the fly, which pays no attention to the greedy desires of its enemy, or the gentle whispers of "Come here, little one, come this way," is to be in a state of constant torment, to be continually undergoing a succession of hopes and mortification. The fatal question, "Shall I get any dinner?" is continually presenting itself to the dweller in the web, followed by the still more sinister reflection, "If I have no dinner to-day, then no more thread, and still less hope of dining to-morrow." The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny; whilst the female loves them so tenderly that if she cannot save them in circumstances of peril, she prefers to perish with them. The love which she bears to her little ones she does not extend to her mate; sometimes, after having in vain attempted to [illegible] aim from devouring their offspring, the idea appears suddenly to present itself to her mind that the cannibal is himself good for food, on which she instantly falls upon him and eats him up.—*Michelet.*

ORIGIN OF "HUMBUG."—This word is said to occur first in Fielding's Amelia, 1751. One writer suggests that it is a corruption of the Latin *Ambages;* another that it is derived from a man named Hume, who, in olden time in Scotland, succeeded to the Bogue or Boog estate, and was known as "Hume o' the Bogue," or "Aume o' the Bug," who was so inclined to the marvellous, that when any one made an extraordinary statement, it soon became common to style it "a hum o' the bug," which was soon shortened into humbug.

THE AUTHOR OF UTOPIA.—Sir Thomas More had a whipping-post in his garden at Chelsea, which he called his "*tree of truth,*"—being his instrument for extracting from persons accused of heresy either confession or renunciation of their opinions. Sir Thomas More, the philosopher of Utopia the friend of Erasmus, whose life was of blameless beauty, is thus seen to combining a spirit of fell persecution with the fairest graces of the human character.

LOST IN THE MIST.

One little hour, oh, round red sun,
And thou and I shall come
Unto the golden gate of rest,
The open door of home;
One little hour, oh, weary sun,
Delay the murky eve,
Till these tired feet that pleasant door
Enter, and never leave.

Ye rocks that wing in slender file
Into the thickening gloom,
Ye'll scarce have reached your old gray tower
Ere I have reached my home:
Plover, that thrill'st this lonely moor
With such an eerie cry,
Rock you your nest ere night falls? for
As my heart's nest seek I.

Oh, light, light heart, oh, heavy feet,
Beat time a little while;
Keep the warm love-light in their eyes,
And on their lips the smile.
Outspread the mist, the gathering mist,
That follows o'er the moor:
The darker grows the world without,
The brighter shines that door.

Oh, door, so close, yet so far off;
Grim mist that nears and nears;
Coward! to faint in sight of home,
Blinded—but not with tears:
'Tis but the mist, the cruel mist,
That chills this heart of mine,
My eyes that cannot see the light,
Not that it ceased to shine.

A little further—further yet;
How the mist crawls and crawls!
It bears me round, it shuts me in
Its white sepulchral walls:
No earth, no sky, no path, no light!
Silence as of a tomb:
Dear Heaven, it is too soon to die—
And I was going home!

A little farther—further yet:
My limbs are young; my heart—
Oh, heart, it is not only life
That is so hard to part:
Poor lips, slow freezing into calm,
Numbed hands, that nerveless fall;
And a mile off, warm lips, safe hands,
Waiting to welcome all!

I see the pictures in the room,
The light forms moving round,
The very flicker of the fire
Upon the patterned ground;
Oh that I were the shepherd dog
That guards their happy door!
Or even the silly household cat
That basks upon the floor.

Oh that I lay one minute's space
Where I have lain so long:
Oh that I heard one little word
Sweeter than angel's song!
A pause—and then the table fills,
The mirth brims o'er and o'er;
While I—oh, can it be God's will?
I die, outside the door.

My body falls, my quickened soul
Fights, desperate, ere it go;
The blank air shrieks with voices wild,
But not the voice I know:
Dim shapes come beckoning through the dark;
Ghost-touches thrill my hair;
Faces, long strange, peer glimmering by,
But one face is not there.

Lost—lost! and such a little way
From that dear sheltering door:
Lost, lost, out of the open arms
Left empty evermore:
His will be done. Oh, gate of heaven,
Fairer than earthly door,
Receive me!—Everlasting Arms
Enfold me evermore!

And so, farewell. * * * *
No mortal hand
This, on my darkening eyes?
My name, too—which I thought to hear
Next time in Paradise?
Warm arms—close lips—oh, saved, saved, saved!
Across the deathly moor
Sought, found! and yonder through the night
Shineth the blessed door.

THE CURES OF GRAEFENBERG.

Mr. De Forest says, in his recent volume of Sketches, that there are other cures at Graefenberg beside the water cure:

"Whether the Silesians are naturally given to heterodox methods of doctoring, or whether simply the success of Priessnitz had generated imitations, I cannot decide; but one or other of these causes had favored the neighborhood of Graefenberg with a variety of odd establishments for the healing of diseases. There was a *Curd Cure*, wherein sick people were fed exclusively on curdled milk, and, if I was rightly informed, put to soak in it. There was a *Straw Cure* wherein, the patients not only drank intemperately of straw tea, but were horribly tormented by being put naked inside of straw beds, and kept there until they were nearly flayed by the points and edges of this medicinal fodder. And about two miles from Graefenberg, in the valley of the little stream of Freiwaldau, was still another eccentric hospital devoted to a method of treatment called the *Wine Cure*. Here horrible sweatings, of eight hours, in numerous dry blankets, made the nights miserable; while a curious system of diet, arranged on a sliding scale, carried the patients through all the stages of starvation and repletion, commencing with abundant meals, and descending gradually to the circumscribed rations of three small rolls a day; then creeping up the digestive staircase again to aldermanic breakfasts and dinners, and so on, up and down, until the sufferer was either cured, buried, or driven to the desperation of flight. In compensation for this sharp mortification of the flesh, a considerable daily portion of wine was allowed, and on Saturdays double treats. D'Hautoville told me that, happening in there one Saturday afternoon, he found the patients and the doctor all fuddled together. One old acquaintance, too glad to see him to wait till he could reach the door, stuck his fist through a pane of glass to shake hands, after which he hallooed riotously, declaring that he felt better every minute, and denouncing Priessnitz as a quack and cold water as a nuisance. Singular as it may seem, this system often effected cures, and drew over various renegades from Graefenberg."

When at Divonne, M. De Forest spoke of this Wine Cure to a bathman who was "ravished with the idea, and marvelled greatly that so excellent a system had not spread over the universe."

☞ BREACH OF PROMISE.—A young man, a miller by trade, stole a horse, was arrested and imprisoned. At his trial drew near, he acknowledged his crime, remarking that he committed it for the purpose of getting rid of the constant importunities of a woman whom he had promised to marry, but did not love. He preferred imprisonment to matrimonial bonds, thus showing that of two evils he chose the least.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

The subject of bread-making is one of great importance to every household, as well in a sanitary as in an economical point of view. Saleratus bread, which has been, and is now, with many, very popular, has fallen under the ban of physiologists, and we believe for good reasons. Saleratus bread is said to be injurious to the teeth, hurtful to the digestive organs, and less nutritive than other forms in which wheat flour can be prepared. We know that families who have used it for years still cling to it because their teeth are [illegible]; we also know that an article called "diuretic saleratus, purged from its deleterious qualities" is prepared; but till we think it will be well enough to turn to other descriptions of bread for a season, and let saleratus and cream of tartar alone for awhile.

Two chief reasons why this description of bread has been so popular, moreover, has been the readiness with which it can be prepared. In a few minutes from the time the flour is mixed, the pan of bread is ready for the oven. This is a great merit in our eyes. We are an uneasy, restless people; are continually striving against time, and whatsoever things our hands find to do we want to do them with a rush. We are forever driven by our impatience, and we use unleavened bread as the Jews did when they were thrust out of Egypt: "And they baked unleavened bread because they were thrust out of Egypt, and *could not tarry*."

A substitute, then, for saleratus bread should be received with a high degree of favor. This substitute is found in the mixing of the flour with cold water, cutting the dough into small cakes, and baking immediately. We have eaten cakes so prepared, and can testify that they were light, highly palatable and very desirable. If housewives could be induced to try this style of bread and persevere, even if they should happen to make a mistake in the first batch or two, they could always have at hand materials for healthy, inexpensive new bread for every meal, and there would be a great saving of time in every kitchen, an object, as every head of a family will tell you, of no small importance when the breakfast or supper hour is near at hand.

Flour and water, simply, will make a light, delicious bread, which may be placed upon the table in fifteen minutes from the time of mixing. It is perfectly wholesome, and may be eaten hot, even by the most delicate dyspeptics. There is nothing difficult in the process, and it has this advantage over the common breads in use, that it may be made uniform in quality. The good wife never will be disappointed in her bread by finding it heavy or sour. This mode of mixing bread has lately been introduced to the community, and we cannot help thinking it a step of progress. It is undoubtedly a revival of the old art of bread-making in use when the patriarch Abraham entertained the angels by setting before them an impromptu cake.

A correspondent expresses our views when he says:—"It is universally admitted that there is room for great improvement in this department of household economy. Medical men are agreed that many of the preparations which have usually been considered indispensable for the production of light, porous bread, are most injurious to health, acting as they do, upon the coats of the stomach. Those who have given most attention to this subject, say that there is no one thing which has had so powerful an agency in the production of the almost universal derangement of the functions of digestion which prevails.

"There is nothing connected with our mode of living which excites more remark among foreigners, than the villainous nature of the compounds which pass among us under the name of bread. This is true, even of our household bread, and how much more of that which is sold at our bakers' shops, and which, in our large towns and cities forms so important a staple of consumption. The adulteration of the flour, and the use of deleterious foreign substances to cover up and conceal such adulteration, are notorious. There is a very general conviction that the use of alkalies in bread-making is injurious to health. The prejudice against saleratus is especially strong, but the objections which lie against this, lie equally against cream of tartar and other such preparations."

ITALIAN DESPOTISM.—A correspondent in Florence sends us the following illustration of social life in Italy:

"A circumstance happened a few weeks ago at Leghorn, which shows that even in the mild government of Tuscany despotism will sometimes show its iron hoof. A Swiss gentleman and his newly-married wife were on their wedding tour, and reached Leghorn, purposing to visit Florence. The custom-house officers were out of humor, and mercilessly turned over the poor young bride's finery. She unfortunately exclaimed to her husband, '*mais comme c' est bete.*' Unluckily some of the officials comprehended a little French, and considered this sentence as an attack on themselves, for which resistance of authority they called in the gendarmes and committed the pair to separate prisons, where they found themselves each mixed up with the lowest and worst of the Leghorn population. The Swiss Consul and English Consul heard by some means of this unpardonable stretch of the law, and, after great exertions and sundry appeals to higher authorities, succeeded in getting an order for their release; but alas! as far as the poor young wife was concerned, seven hours' confinement in this frightful prison, with companions of such a class, had done its work. She was half frantic, and fever in a few days carried her to her grave. I have not heard whether the brutal officials who caused her death received any punishment, but most probably not. The authorities would shrug their shoulders, and say, in the usual Florentine phrase—*pazienza.*"—*London Inquirer.*

AGRICULTURE AND LITERATURE.—Farming is the best employment for a literary man, if he has only been brought up to it in his youth. It interests the mind, without exciting it, and can be made to strengthen the body without wearying it. In Walter Scott's wild, out-of-door exercise, was the stimulus of his genius, and when he quitted Abbotsford for Edinburgh and incessant literature, the golden bowl was broken at the fountain. One of the most vigorous writers of the Quarterly Review used to spend six hours a day at the plough, and then write with a furore. When our literary men turn farmers, and our farmers become also literary men, our nation will have reached its highest point.

MORNING BY THE SEA.

BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

With these two kisses on thine eyes,
I melt thy sleep away, arise—arise!
For, look, my Love, Phœbus his golden hand
Hath laid upon the white mane of the sea;
And springing from the blue deep gloriously,
He glances keen o'er the long, level strand.
Now comes his horses up all snorting fire,
The lovely morning hours, hymning their choir
Of triumph, circle round the royal sun,
And the great pageant of the day's begun:
Come! let me lock to mine thy braid,
And pace we on with swift feet this smooth and sparkling mead.

See how the swollen ridges of the waves
Curl into gold green crystal caves;
Rising and rounding,
Bursting and sounding,
Breaking and rebounding,
And rushing into curves of creamy spray
Sweep with their wavy lines the far indented bay.

The little bark, that by the sheltering shore
All night her wings and rocked herself to sleep,
Shakes out her pinions to the breeze once more,
And, like a swallow, dips, and skims the deep.

Hail welcome day! hail miracle of light!
Hail wondrous resurrection from the night!
Hail glorious earth! hail ocean fearful-fair!
Hail ye sweet breezes of fresh vivid air!
Hail thou, my love! my life, my sir, my light!
Soul of my day! my morning, noon, and night!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

PROBABLE PRESERVATION FROM SHIPWRECK BY MEANS OF WHALES.

The following is an extract from the Memoirs of Daniel Wheeler, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends:—

"Sixth month 22nd, 1834—'Lying-to' as yesterday; the storm still raging with unabated violence; squalls, heavy rains, and lightning through the night. The sea having risen to a fearful height, frequently inundated the deck of the vessel; and from the continual working of the whole frame, our bed-places have been unfit to sleep in, the water having found its way through numerous chinks. This morning early, a heavy sea broke into us, bringing a largee quantity of water upon the deck than at any time before. To myself a very remarkable and striking event took place this morning. Shortly after the vessel had shipped a heavy body of water, I went up the hatchway to look round for a short interval; at that moment the seas were running in mountainous succession, and I observed that some of the loftiest of the waves were very nearly prevailing against our little vessel; it seemed as if she could not much longer escape being overwhelmed by them altogether. I made no remark to any one, but soon after we tried to get some breakfast; while so occupied, one of the men called down to inform us that there was a sight worth looking at on deck; it was a large collection of a species of whale, close by the ship. I thought I should like to see them; there were perhaps more than two hundred of these animals close to us, each about twelve feet long. When I went upon deck after breakfast, they were still close to our bows, and the man at the helm said that they served as a breakwater for us, their being so was afterwards mentioned by some other person. At *last my eyes were open* to discover the protection they were affording to our little struggling vessel: they occupied a considerable portion of the surface of the sea, in the exact direction between the vessel and the wind and waves, reaching so near to us that some of them might have been struck with a harpoon; they remained constantly swimming in gentle and steady order, as if to maintain the position of a regular phalanx, and I suggested that nothing should be done to frighten them away. It was openly remarked by some, that not one sea had broken aboard us while they occupied their useful post; and when they at last retired, it was perceived that the waves did not rage with the same violence as before they came to our relief.

"I give this wonderful circumstance just as it occurred, and if any should be disposed to view it as a thing of chance, I do not; for I believe it to be one of the great and marvellous works of the Lord God Almighty. These friends in need and friends in deed, filled up a sufficiently wide space upon two of the large swells of the ocean, completely to obstruct the approach of each succeeding wave opposed to the vessel; so that if the third wave from us was coming in lofty foam towards us, by the time it had rolled over and become the second wave, its foaming, threatening aspect was destroyed entirely, reaching us at last in the form of a dead and harmless swell. They are very oily fish, but seldom larger than to yield about two barrels of oil; they are commonly called Black-fish."

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—Observe the effects of social intercourse. A man shall pursue his ordinary avocations for a length of time in solitude. Gradually his mind becomes listless, dull—his soul-power, lacking use, becomes enfeebled. A bright thought perhaps—a vivid train of reflection accidentally passes through his mind, and he is again aroused—his soul is again manufacturing power, and he lives to some purpose, even though it be but the enviable reflection of his own conscious power.

But this brightening ray soon vanishes, and he is again dull; soulless almost as the brutes that surround him. But let him now approach his fellow human beings. Let him enter into their feelings, thoughts, reflections, reasonings. Let the electricity of his soul intercommunicate with theirs, and mark the effect. He is no longer listless; his soul is expanding, he is giving, at the same time that he is receiving, power; his benevolence is excited; gloomy misanthropic thoughts fade, and make room for schemes for man's happiness, regeneration, universal good—the millennium on earth.

A MUD BATH.—At Boeheket I made acquaintance with that curious modification of the bath termed the "Moorbader," or peat-mud bath. The mud bath is prepared by adding a certain quantity of a soft black peat to the water, and mixing them well together, so as to form a soft gruelly fluid, and in this singular mess the bather bestows himself; in a word, it constitutes a kind of soft, warm poultice, and, no doubt, must be a very pleasant, and in some instances, a valuable remedy. When the joints are pinched with the aches of rheumatism, the bones and nerves wearied with gnawing pains, and the skin fevered with parching heats, it is not difficult to understand that a mere bath of an agreeable temperature may be one of the greatest luxuries the world can bestow.—*Erasmus Wilson.*

MONKEYS AFRAID OF GHOSTS.—I am rather afraid that my monkey did not lead a very happy or serene life. H., who commanded the detachment of the 9th, one or two youngsters and myself, were always plotting or contriving something to keep poor Jacko lively. Bind him hand and foot—a feat accomplished only after a desperate struggle—we never could manage to get a single cracker, with bunches of which were attached to his tail, to explode. No sooner was a wick ignited, than either with his mouth, or by rolling over it, Jacko would extinguish the match, and spoil our fun. There were two remarkable traits about this monkey, which assimilated him more than anything to a hideous caricature on humanity. The one his fear of snakes or unnatural [illegible]. Every night, [illegible] to bed, poor Jacko received a [illegible] to his nerves. He slept like all monkeys, with his face buried in his paws (a practice which he seldom attributed to the extreme cunning of the monkey tribe; for, they say, monkeys can speak, but they won't do so, for fear of [illegible] and task masters in man, and, therefore, they cover their mouths whilst sleeping, lest by accident they should let slip a word). Covering myself with a sheet, I would silently approach till within a foot of the monkey, and then give utterance to a horrid shriek. Up would leap Jacko, and if ever monkey turned pale and trembled from head to foot, Jacko did. His very teeth chattered, and he moaned piteously, until, throwing off the sheet, he recognized me, and then his joy was fully equivalent to his fear.—*An English Officer in India.*

THE WORD PREPOSTEROUS.—On the trial of Hastings, Burke turned the tables upon an opponent by knowledge of a word, in the following way: He wanted to have a letter of Hastings's read, that he might then go into certain evidence of the *animus* of the writer. The House decided that he should first prove the intention, and that then the letter should be read. "Be it so," said Burke, "but it is perfectly preposterous." The Lord Chancellor called him to order for using such a word. "My lords," said Burke, "the word only means putting one thing before another; it is as though I said your lordships put the cart before the horse." No more was said.

Useful Receipts.

HYDROPHOBIA—THE CATHORP RECEIPT.—The following recipe is taken from a register kept in Cathorp Church, in Lincolnshire, the whole town almost being bitten, near a hundred years ago, and not one person who took this medicine but was completely cured:—"Take the leaves of rue picked from the stalks and bruised, 6 oz.; garlic picked from the stalks and pounded, Venice treacle or mithridate, and scrapings of pewter, of each 4 oz.; boil all these over a slow fire in two quarts of ale, till one pint is consumed; keep it in a bottle close stopped, and give of it nine spoonfulls to the person warm for seven mornings successively, and six to a dog, to be given nine days after the bite; apply some of the ingredients to the bitten part.—*London Field.*

STITCH IN THE SIDE.—Take a long breath outwardly, so as to expel all the air from the lungs. The stitch ceases instantly.

COLLODION IN ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. Baumann employs collodion in all cases, and has found it, even in several cases of eryaipelas in the face, and in one case of phlegmonous eryaipelas of the thigh, highly useful. He first gives an emetic, and then daily applies the collodion to the parts. The recovery is rapid, and no ill consequences have been observed.

WATERPROOFS.—For hats, boil 8 lbs. of shellac, 3 lbs. of frankincense, and 1 lb. borax, in sufficient water. To waterproof cloth for sportsmen, dip it in a solution of acetate of lead, with a little gum and solution of alum (both solutions of the same strength). For modus operandi, see Pharmaceutical Journal, October, 1857.—For shoes, linseed oil 8 oz., boiled ditto 10 oz., suet 8 oz., yellow wax 8 oz: melt.—*London Field.*

TO MAKE NEAT'S FOOT OIL.—Take four ox feet with the skin on up to the huccaps, and keep them eight days tied up in straw in a warm place; then pluck all the hair off, and break the joints and bones; boil them slow in ten imperial pints of water for twelve hours. The oil will then rise to the surface of the water, and can be skimmed off and drained. Let it stand one night, and then put the oil in a little clean boiling water, and skim it off again, when it will be found to be quite clear and free from mixture.

TO MAKE OLD BREAD NEW.—If the loaves are a week old, steep for half a minute in cold water. Then put the loaf into the tin it was first baked in, taking care to take it out of the oven when nicely heated through.

BOILED BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal; two cups of rye; one of flour; two-thirds cup of molasses; pint and a half of milk; add a little salt; a large teaspoonful of saleratus; pour it into a long tin pail; put it into a pot; have just enough water to keep it boiling; cover tight, and not boil into the pail, and keep it boiling three hours, and you will have a loaf of bread without any crust.—NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO MAKE YEAST.—Take twelve common-sized potatoes; boil them; mash them up while hot; pour in one pint of boiling water; add one pint of cold water; put it in a colander; get all through you can; then add one teacupful of sugar; one tablespoonful of salt; a teacupful of yeast, and set it to rise in a warm place.—NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSEKEEPER, in *Prairie Farmer.*

HOW TO IMPROVE THE STREAM OF MILK.—I notice P. McC. inquires how he can make his heifer give a larger stream of milk. I have had cows that milked hard and gave a small stream of milk, and have remedied it as follows: Grasp the teat tightly around before she has been milked, tearing the lower end as full of milk as it will hold, without running out; take a small sharp penknife, and run it into the orifice of the teat, say a quarter of an inch; then try and see if she milks any easier: if not, run the blade in three-eighths or half an inch—your own judgment will tell you how much you should cut. As a general thing, the blood will not run. Should you have occasion to cut more than one side of the teat, you should turn the knife just half around, and it at will give you a flat stream. This may answer for your cow at any rate you can try it on one teat.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE PARTING WORD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I must leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shameless bark;
Though thy tears, oh, lady mine,
Read my lover's parting line.

When the first red sun shall set,
Think of the hours of jet;
When the moonlight strikes the wave,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the sun and moon go down,
Then more cruel I shall be shown,
Tempt to wreck that wild despair
Long before the storm, and lay thy hair

All the first unquiet night
Thou shalt weep in anxious fright;
In the first noon's second half
Thou shalt curse at Sol to laugh;
Then to Pickwick flies shall slip,
Slightly touching round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Sound sleep makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings fall,
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall frown and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they clog and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips unwreath'd as yet,
Stop, "Oh, how can I forget!"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kiss'd,—
How, oh, how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter all than mercers clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretch'd the line,
Would not hold the lovers true,
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome too;
Pray what better could they do.

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, oh, keep that hallow'd seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Seal'd how often, Love, as now.

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Hendrickson had rightly supposed, Jessie Loring came forth from her seclusion of years. Not all at once, but by gradual intrusions upon the social life around her. At first she went abroad on a mission of charity. Then her friend, Mrs. De Lisle, drew her to her house, and there a new face that interested her awakened a new impulse in her mind. And so the work went on, and ere long she was in part restored to society. But how different from the one who had withdrawn from it years before! Suffering and discipline had left upon her their unmistakable signs. The old beauty of countenance had departed. The elegant style—the abounding grace of manner—the fascinating speech,—all were gone. Only those to whom she had been most familiar, recognized in the pale, serene countenance, retiring grace and gentle speech of Jessie Loring, the once brilliant Mrs. Dexter.

And quite as different was the effect she produced upon those who came within the sphere of her chastened thoughts. Before, all admired her; now, all who could draw close enough, found in her speech an inspiration to good deeds. Some were wiser—all were better in right purposes—who met her in familiar intercourse. And the more intimately she was known, the more apparent became the higher beauty into which she had arisen; a celestial beauty that gave angelic lustre at times to her countenance.

To no one did she mention the name of Hendrickson. If she missed him from the circles which had again opened to receive her, none knew that her eyes had ever looked for his presence. No one spoke to her of him, and so she remained for a time in ignorance of his singular disappearance. A caution from Mrs. De Lisle to Mrs. Loring, made that not over cautious individual prudent in this case.

One day she was visiting Mrs. Denison, to whom she had become warmly attached. She did not show her accustomed cheerfulness, and to the inquiries of Mrs. Denison as to whether she were so well as usual, replied, as it seemed to that lady, evasively. At length she said, with a manner that betrayed a deep interest in the subject,

"I heard a strange story yesterday about an old acquaintance whom I have missed—Mr. Hendrickson."

"What have you heard?" was inquired.

"That he left the city in a mysterious manner several months ago, and has not been heard of since."

"It is true," said Mrs. Denison.

"Was there any thing wrong in his conduct?" asked Jessie Loring, her usually pale face showing the warmer hues of feeling.

"Nothing. Not even the breath of suspicion has touched his good name."

"What is the explanation?"

"Common rumor is singularly at fault in the case," replied Mrs Denison. "I have heard no reason assigned that to me had any appearance of truth."

"Had he failed in business?" asked Miss Loring.

"No. He was in a good business, and accumulating property. But he sold it out, and converting all that he was worth into money, took it with him, and left only his memory behind."

"Had he trouble with any one?"

"No."

Jessie looked concerned—almost pained.

"I would like to know the reason." She spoke partly to herself.

"I alone am in possession of the reason," said Mrs. Denison, after a silence of more than a minute.

"You!"

Thrown off of her guard, Jessie spoke eagerly and with surprise.

"Yes. He wrote me a letter at the time, stating in the clearest terms the causes which led to so strange a course of conduct.

"Did you approve his reasons?" Miss Loring had regained much of her usual calm exterior.

"I accepted them," was answered. "Under all the circumstances of the case, his course was probably the wisest that could have been taken."

"Are you at liberty to state the reasons?" asked Miss Loring.

Mrs. Denison thought for some time.

"Do you desire to hear them?" she then asked, looking steadily into the face of her visitor.

"I do," was firmly answered.

"Then I will place his letter to me in your hands. But not now. When you leave it will be time enough. You must read it alone."

A sudden gleam shot across the face of Jessie. But it died like a transient meteor.

"I will return home now, Mrs. Denison," she said, with a manner that showed a great deal of suppressed feeling. "You will excuse me, of course."

"Cannot you remain longer? I shall regret your going," said her kind friend.

"Not in my present state of mind. I can see from your manner that I have an interest in the contents of that letter, and I am impatient to know them."

It was all in vain that Jessie Loring sought to calm her feelings as she returned homeward with the letter of Paul Hendrickson held tightly in her hand. The suspense was too much for her. On entering the house of her aunt, he went with unusual haste to her own room, and without waiting to lay aside any of her attire, sat down and opened the letter. There was scarcely a sign of life while she read, so motionless did she sit, as if pulsation were stilled. After reading to the last word she commenced folding up the letter, but her hands that showed a slight tremor in the beginning shook so violently before she was done, that the half closed sheet rattled like a leaf in the wind. Then tears gushed over the letter, falling upon it like rain.

There was no effort on the part of Jessie to repress this wild rush of feeling. Her heart had its own way for a time. In the deep hush that followed, she bowed herself and kneeled reverently, lifting a sad face and tear-filled eyes upwards with her spirit towards Heaven. She did not ask for strength or comfort—she did not even ask for herself anything. Her soul's deep sympathies were all for another, towards whom a long cherished love had suddenly blazed up, revealing the hidden fires. But she prayed that at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, *he* might be kept pure.

"Give him," she pleaded, "patient endurance and undying hope. Oh, make his fortitude like the rock, but his humanities yielding and all pervading as the summer airs laden with sweetness. Sustain him by the Divine power of truth. Let Thy Word be a staff in his hand when travel-worn, and a sword when the enemy seeks his life. In his own strength he cannot walk in this way; in his own strength he cannot battle with his foes—but in Thy strength he will be strong as a lion, and as invincible as an army."

After rising from her knees, Miss Loring, over whose spirit a deep quietude had fallen, reopened Hendrickson's letter and read it again; and not once only but many times, until every word and sentence were written on her memory.

"The way may be rough, and our feet not well shod for the long journey," she said, almost with a smile on her pure face, "the sky may be sunless and moonless, and thick clouds may hide even the stars—but there are soft green meadows beyond, and glorious sunshine. If I am not to meet him here, I shall be gathered lovingly into his arms there, and God will bless the union!"

When next Mrs. Denison saw this young martyr, there was even a serener aspect in her countenance than before. She was in possession of a secret that gave a new vitality to her existence. Until now, all in regard to Hendrickson had been vague and uncertain. Their few brief but disastrous meetings had only revealed an undying interest; but as to the quality of his love, his sentiments in regard to her, and his principles of life, she knew literally nothing. Now all was made clear; and her soul grew strong within her as she looked forward into the distance.

"I will keep that letter," she said to Mrs. Denison, in so firm a voice that her friend was surprised. "It is more really addressed to me than it is to you; and it was but fair that it should come into my possession. He is one of earth's nobler spirits."

"You say well, Miss Loring. He is one of earth's nobler spirits. I know him. How he would stand the fire, I could not tell. But I had faith in him; and my faith was but a prophecy. He has come out purified. I was not at first satisfied with this last step; but on close reflection, I am inclined to the belief that he was right. I do not think either of you are strong enough yet to meet. You would be drawn together by an attraction that might obscure your higher perceptions, and lead you to break over all impediments. That, with your views, would not be well. There would be a cloud in the sky of your happiness; a spot on your marriage garments; a shadow on your conscience."

"There would—there would!" replied Miss Loring, with sudden feeling. Then as the current grew placid again, she said—

"I can hardly make you comprehend the change which that letter has wrought in me. All the thick clouds that mantled my sky, have lifted themselves from the horizon, showing bright gleams of the far away blue; and sunrays are streaming down by a hundred rifts. Oh, this certainty that I am so deeply, purely, faithfully loved, trammelled as I am, and forbidden to marry, fills my soul with happiness inexpressible. We shall be, when the hand of our wise and good Father leads us together, and His smile falls unclouded upon our union, more blessed a thousand fold than if, in the eagerness of natural impulses, we had let our feelings have away."

"If you are both strong enough, you will have the higher blessing," was the only answer made by Mrs. Denison.

From that period a change in Jessie Loring was visible to all eyes. There came into her countenance a warmer hue of health; her bearing was more erect, yet not self-confident; her eyes were brighter, and occasionally the flash of old-time thought was in them. Everywhere she went, she attracted; and all who came into familiar intercourse with her, felt the sweetness of her lovely character. The secret of this change was known to but few, and they kept it sacred. Not even Mrs. Loring, the good-hearted aunt, who loved her with a mother's maternal fondness, was admitted into her confidence, for she felt that mere worldliness would bruise her heart by contact. But the change, though its causes were not seen, was perceived as something to love by Aunt Phœbe, who felt for her niece a daily increasing attachment.

And so the weeks moved on; and so the years came and went. Little change was seen in Jessie Loring; except, that the smile which had been restored, gradually grew less, though it did not bear away the heavenly sweetness from her countenance. In all true charities that came within her sphere of action, whether the ministration were to bodily necessities, or moral needs, she was an angel of mercy; and few met her in life's daily walk, but had occasion to think of her as one living very near the Sources of Divine love.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ten years had glided away, yet not in all that time, had Jessie Loring received a word of intelligence from Paul Hendrickson. He had passed from sight like a ship when darkness falls upon the ocean—the morning sees her not again, and the billows give no record of the way she went. But still Jessie bore his image in her heart; still her love was undimmed, and her confidence unshaken—and still she felt herself bound by the old shackles, which no human hand could break from her fettered limbs.

One day, about this time, as Mrs. Denison sat reading, a servant came into her room and handing her a card said,

"There is a gentleman waiting in the parlor to see you."

She looked at the card, and started with surprise. It bore the name of PAUL HENDRICKSON.

"My dear friend!" she exclaimed, grasping both of his hands, as she stood facing him a few moments afterwards.

"My best friend!" was the simple response, but in a voice tremulous with feeling.

A little while they stood, gazing curiously, yet with affectionate interest, into each other's face.

"You are not much changed; and nothing for the worse," said Mrs Denison.

"And you wear the countenance of yesterday," he replied, almost fondly. "How many thousands of times since we parted, have I desired to stand looking into your eyes as I do now! Dear friend! my heart has kept your memory fresh as spring's first offerings."

"Where have you been, in all these years of absence?" Mrs. Denison asked, as they sat down, still holding each other's hands tightly.

"Far away from here, but of that hereafter. You have already guessed the meaning of my return to the old places."

"No."

"What! Have you not heard of Mr. Dexter's decease?"

"Paul! is that so?" Mrs. Denison was instantly excited.

"It is. I had the information from a correspondent in London, who sent me a paper in which was a brief obituary. He died nearly three months ago, of fever contracted in a hospital, where he had gone to visit the captain of one of his vessels, just arrived from the coast of Africa. The notice speaks of him as an American gentleman of wealth and great respectability."

"And the name is Leon Dexter!" said Mrs. Denison.

"Yes. There is no question as to the identity. And now, my good friend, what of Jessie Loring? I pray you keep me not long in suspense."

So wholly absorbed were they, that the ringing of the street door bell had not been heard, nor the movement of the servant along the passage. Ere Mrs. Denison could reply, the parlor door was pushed quietly open, and Miss Loring entered.

"She stands before you!" said Mrs. Denison, starting up and advancing a step or two.

"Jessie Loring!"

Mr. Hendrickson uttered the name slowly, but in a voice touched with the profoundest emotion. He had arisen, but did not advance. She stood suddenly still and held her breath, while a paleness overspread her features. But her long training had given her great self-control.

"Mr. Hendrickson," she said, advancing across the room.

A POET-BEAU.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling was born at Whitton, in the parish of Twickenham, England, and baptized there on the 10th of February, 1608-9. His father was principal Secretary of State and Comptroller of the Household to King James I., and his mother was sister to Lionel Cranfield, the Lord Treasurer Middlesex of Clarendon's History. The Sucklings were of Woodton, in the county of Norfolk.

Quitting college, he joined the six thousand men raised by the Marquis of Hamilton for the wars in Germany, and was present at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, Glogan and Magdeburg, returning to England, it is thought, with Hamilton in September, 1632.

His wit and readiness at repartee made him welcome at court, where he was known as the late comptroller's son, and a great gamester. He was now so much in favor, that Garrard communicated his doings in his gossiping letters to the great Lord Strafford.

He became, in 1637, a poet in print, by his well known "Session of the Poets," and in 1638, by his play of "Aglaura." His "Session," so often imitated, was the first poetic session in our language. He has more wit but less acerbity than Rochester; less malevolence than Mulgrave, and a fertility of fancy quite unsurpassed by the several successors. Ben Jonson is, in Suckling's "Session," described as being there alive; the date of its composition cannot possibly be later than 1637, the year in which Jonson died. The incident on which the poem is founded has escaped detection; the laureateship it could not be—nor the office of city poet—for both appointments were held by Jonson.

When his "Aglaura" was acted, he bought all the clothes himself, "which," says Aubrey, "were very thick; no tinsel, all the lace pure gold and silver."

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms in 1639, and advanced to the English borders, many of the courtiers complimented the King by raising forces at their own expense. Among the most active was Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him £12,000. His first adventure has been celebrated by Sir John Mennis, in a poem called "*The Campaigne*." His troop ran away, and was distinguished only for its finery and cowardice.

"No great knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,
He'd have conquered a whole armada."

"The Campaigne" has found a lasting sanctuary in Percy's Reliques.

He now joined himself with Harry Jermyn, Percy and others, to effect the escape of Strafford from the tower, but was detected, and was obliged (May 5th, 1641,) to fly into France. His end was tragic. Having learnt that his servant had robbed him, he drew on his boots in great haste; a nail or blade, purposely poisoned and concealed, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification of which he died. This is believed, but on unsatisfactory evidence. He was dead in 1642, for a separate elegy to his memory was printed in that year.

Suckling sat to Vandyke for his portrait—not the head engraved as after Vandyke, and prefixed to the late republication of his poems. For "he was of middle stature and slight strength, brisk round eye, reddish faced and red nosed—his head not very big, his hair a kind of sand color—his beard turned up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look." This is Aubrey's portrait, and it agrees admirably with the head of Suckling preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

He grasped her hand, but she did not return the ardent pressure, though the touch went thrilling to her heart. But the paleness had left her face.

At this moment Mrs. Denison came forward, and covering their clasped hands with hers, said in a low, but very emphatic voice,

"There is no impediment! God has removed the last obstruction, and you are free!"

Instantly the whole frame of Miss Loring seemed jarred as by a heavy stroke; and she would have fallen through weakness if Hendrickson had not thrown an arm around her. Bearing her to a sofa, he laid her, very tenderly, in a reclining position, with her head resting against Mrs. Denison. But he kept one of her hands firmly within his own; and she made no effort to withdraw it.

"There is no obstruction now, dear friends," resumed Mrs. Denison. "The long tryal is over—the sad error corrected. The patience of hope, the fidelity of love, the martyr spirit that could bear torture, yet not swerve from its integrity, are all to find their exceeding great reward. I did not look for it so soon. Far in advance of the present I saw the long road each had to travel, still stretching its weary length. But suddenly the pilgrimage has ended. The goal is won while yet the sun stands at full meridian—while yet the feet are strong, and the heart brave for endurance or battle. Heroes are ye, and this is my greeting!"

With eyes still closed, Jessie lay very still upon the bosom of this dear friend. But oh, what a revelation of joy was in the sweet, half-formed smile that arched her lips with beauty! Hendrickson stood, still grasping her hand, and looking down into her pure, tranquil face, with such a rapture pervading his soul, that he seemed as if entering upon the felicities of heaven.

"This is even better than my hopes," he said, speaking at length, but in a subdued voice.

Jessie opened her eyes, and now gazed at him calmly, but lovingly. What a manly presence was his! How wonderfully he was changed!—Thought, suffering, endurance, virtue, honor, had all been at work upon his face, cutting away the earthly and the sensual, until only the lines of that imperishable beauty which is of the spirit, remained. Every well remembered feature was there; but the expression of his whole face was new.

A moment or two only did she look at him—but she read a volume in love's history at a glance—then closed her eyes again, and, as she did so, gave back to the hand that still held hers, an answering pressure.

The long, long trial of faith, love and high religious principle was over, and they were now standing at the open door of blessing.

And so the reward came at last, as come it always does, to the true, the faithful, the pure, and the loving—if not in this world, assuredly in the next—and the great error of their lives stood corrected.

But what a lesson for the heart! Oh, is there a more fearful consummation of error in the beginning of life than a wholly discordant marriage! This mating of higher and lower natures—of delicacy with coarseness—of sensuality with almost spiritual refinement—of dove-like meekness with falcon cruelty—of the lamb with the bear! It makes the very heart bleed to think of the undying anguish that is all around us springing from this most frightful cause of misery!

In less than a month Paul Hendrickson again departed from B———, but this time not alone, nor with his destination involved in mystery.—His second self went with him, and their faces were turned towards a southern island, where the earth was as rich in blossom and verdure as the bride's heart in undying love. Here his home had been for years; and here his name was an honored word among the people—synonymous with manly integrity, Christian virtue, and true benevolence.

After the long, fierce battle, peace had come with its tranquil blessings. After the storm, the sunshine had fallen in glorious beauty. After the night of suffering, morning had broken in joy.

We stand and gaze, with rapt interest, upon the river when it leaps wildly over the cataract, or sweeps foaming through perilous rapids, or rushes through mountain gorges; but turn away from its quiet beauty when it glides pleasantly along through green savannahs. Such is our interest in life. And so we drop the curtain, and close our history here.

THE END.

THE IMAGE OF THE SEA.—The sea, up to that time, had been generally regarded by painters as a liquidly composed level-seeking, constant thing, with a smooth surface, rising to a watermark on ships, in which ships were to be scientifically imbedded and wetted up to watermark, and to remain dry above the same. But Turner found, during his southern coast tour, that the sea was not this; that it was, on the contrary, a very uncalculable and unhorizontal thing, setting its "watermark" sometimes on the highest heavens as well as on sides of ships; very breakable into pieces; half of a wave separable from the other half, and on the instant carriageable miles inland; not in any wise limiting itself to a state of apparent liquidity, but now striking like a steel gauntlet, and now becoming a cloud, and vanishing no eye could tell whither; one moment a flint cave, the next a marble pillar, the next a mere white fleece thickening the thundery rain. He never forgot these facts; never afterwards was able to recover the idea of positive distinction between sea and sky, or sea and land. Steel gauntlet, black rock, white cloud, and men and masts smashed to pieces, and disappearing in a few breaths and splinters among them! a little blood on the rock angle, like red sea-weed, sponged away by the next splash of the foam, and the glittering granite and green water all pure again in vacant wrath, as stayed by him, forever, the image of the sea. —*Ruskin's Harbors of England.*

LAGER BEER.—A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine enumerates the following articles with which lager beer is adulterated, which you, dear reader, can *brewed* over a little before you drink:

"Gentian, flag-root, maywort, *wormwood*, quassia, catechu, heath broom, the common garden box, pounded oyster shells, egg shells, chalk, marble dust, *whiting*, sugar, molasses, beans, liquorice, caraway seeds, allspice, ginger, pepper, mustard, grains of paradise, salt, *cocculus indicus*, (poison) *opium, tobacco, henbane, hemlock, oil of vitriol, sulphate of copper, copperas, alum*, STRYCHNINE, snake-wood, angustura bark, and the St. Ignatius bean."

PAINTING OR DEATH.

An artist of talent who went to pursue his studies in Algiers, has recently returned to Paris, bringing from his artistic expedition true treasures of curiosity and study; monuments, interiors, types of all races, costumes, animals stuffed, &c. He brings also exact copies made by himself of the original pictures which decorated one of the palaces of the ancient Deys.—Two copies indicate very strongly originals, but the circumstances under which the originals were executed [illegible]

About the beginning of the present century, the then reigning Dey of Algiers had all the European captives led together into the court-yard. Advancing towards the first captive, he asked brusquely,

"Do you know how to paint?"

"No," was the answer, "I do not."

The Dey made a sign, and the captive was instantly beheaded.

"Do you know how to paint?" he asked of the second.

He, frightened at the fate of the first, hesitated to reply, and in another moment his head rolled on the floor.

"Do you know how to paint?" was still the question asked.

"No—that is—I believe—I think that—"

"Ah! you are not sure!" exclaimed the Dey, and he shared the fate of his comrades.

The fourth captive was an intrepid and audacious Parisian, an old *gamin de Paris*, who had very often stopped at the doors of wine cellars or of restaurants to look at the little daubs illustrative of bottles and full glasses, venison, pies and legs of pork.

"*Do* I know how to paint?" he exclaimed, when the question was put to him. "I am the best pupil of the illustrious David, the painter of the Emperor. What do you require, oh! sweet and clement Dey?"

"You shall speedily know what I wish," said the Dey, proceeding on.

The example of the Parisian had told the others what they ought to do; they all replied that they knew how to paint. The Dey, enchanted at his success, placed all these painters—there were about thirty—under the orders of the Parisian, and then ordered this battalion of impromptu artists to ornament the walls of one of his palaces with paintings.

"I wish," said he, "that you should paint Mecca, the tomb of the Prophet, my principal naval victories, and everything you like, provided the paintings be worthy of me; if not, I shall cut off your heads."

Colors and brushes were provided, and our painters set about their work. The Parisian was imaginative. The Mussulman religion forbidding the representation of the human figure, his task was already simplified; he painted the sea and naval battles, where ships only were seen, and not a sailor. Bullets and bombs crossed each other in the air, obscured by clouds of flame and smoke; but not an artilleryman was seen behind the pieces. Aiding himself by his memory of a magic lantern, he made the sky of a fair blue, in which he painted the sun, moon and stars. Then he painted the great phenomena of nature, storms, torrents, volcanoes in eruption vomiting flames and smoke. The Parisian and his battalion of painters employed the liveliest colors, and though the effect produced was not harmonious, it was dazzling. The Dey was enchanted. Happily, foreign connoisseurs in painting never penetrating into his palace, no criticism was made, and the Parisian passed, in the eyes of the Dey, for one of the greatest painters of France. Not only did he and his associates preserve their heads on their shoulders, but to recompense them the Dey gave them their liberty.

These are the paintings which a true artist has copied. Strange as they are, they are things which denote a singular intelligence on the part of the Parisian. They are moreover an interesting specimen of what the most absolute inexperience, and the most complete ignorance of art, can produce when obliged to struggle against necessity and for the preservation of life.—*Translated for the Boston Gazette.*

HORTICULTURE IN PALESTINE.—The pomegranate ripens its fruit in September, and is in great request in Palestine. The tree grows there about twenty feet high. In this month families lay by a store of the fruit for winter use. There are said to be three varieties—one very acid, one sweet, and one of medium flavor between the other two. The first is often substituted for vinegar. The others are eaten with sugar and with rose water, and used also in a dried state in cookery. The mulberry tree is cultivated in great quantities in the district of Lebanon, and silk forms a considerable product of that region. The *Sorghum Saccharatum*, which is now occupying much of the attention of agriculturists in this country, has for ages been an important product of Syria, where it is known by the name of *Dourra*; and it is cultivated there for its grain, and not for the cane, nor materially for fodder. In Egypt the stalks and straw are used for the roofs of huts and cabins. A good white flour is made from the grain, and is baked in cakes. Millet and rice are grains that are raised and used in considerable quantities in Palestine; but the latter is not raised in sufficient bulk to supply the native market. Lentiles and chick-pea—*cicer arietinum*—are consumed in large quantity as vegetables by the natives; lupine, also, are used in the same way. Indigo is indigenous in several parts of Syria, and it is cultivated to some extent; the quality of it being good, and much superior to that grown in Egypt. The valley of the Jordan seems to be the best locality for it. Madder, also, is a valuable plant, but seems not to be cultivated to any great extent. Of oil producing plants, in addition to the olive, the castor-oil plant and the *sesamum orientale* are the principal ones.—But the medical properties of the former appear to be unknown to the present inhabitants of the country; and it is simply for lamps and general purposes that the oil from it is used.

UNNECESSARY CRITICISM.—If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society.—Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATOR BELL AND THE RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION—MINNESOTA—KANSAS—MR. MATTESON—THE UNION. &c.

SENATE.

On the 23rd. the bill to amend the Act of March 3rd, 1851, limiting the liabilities of ship owners, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Tennessee, respecting the opposition to the Nebraska Bill, and endorsing the Lecompton Constitution, and intimating that he ought to resign. He referred to the date of the resolutions, 10th of February, four years after the vote was given which the resolutions censured, and said it had been usual, when the constituents of a member of Congress felt aggrieved at his course, to act promptly. He referred to the fact that the resolutions endorse unconditionally the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, notwithstanding the mischievous results of that repeal, which have become patent and unmistakable, and which, in the language of the President, have convulsed the Union to its very centre, lighted the flames of civil war in Kansas, and produced dangerous sectional parties throughout the confederacy. Mr. Fillmore, who declined that, but he been a member of Congress, he would have votes against the Nebraska Bill, received 66,000 votes in Tennessee for President. Mr. Etheridge, who voted against the Nebraska Bill, was returned to Congress by an increased vote. He (Mr. Bell) thought that at no time since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had there been any settled indication of opinion South, on that question, and believed that if a fair and impartial vote could be taken on the question, there would be an overwhelming majority pronouncing it the most unfortunate measure Congress ever passed.

Mr. Bell alluded to the various elections in Tennessee since the vote now called in question, showing that the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was but slightly alluded to in the canvass.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, replied, showing that in 1854 before the passage of the Nebraska Bill, the Tennessee Legislature passed resolutions approving of that measure, and requesting the members of Congress from Tennessee to support it. The Nebraska Act was also the main issue of the elections of 1855 and 1856. He contended, therefore that a large majority of the people of Tennessee condemned his colleague's (Mr. Bell) cause. He asked Mr. Bell whether he would vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, with or without instructions.

Mr. Bell answered that he would not so vote, in consequence of instructions, unless fully convinced that the instructions were founded upon a full understanding of the subject, in all its bearings and consequences.

Mr. Johnson proceeded to draw a parallel between his own course and that of Mr. Bell, on the slavery question, placing the latter's position at a disadvantage in the eyes of the South. He hoped there would be no more compromises.

Mr Bell complained of his colleague's speech as the bitterest, most insulting and personal ever concocted by premeditated malice. He was ready to meet the Senator any time, and any others who should back him. (Sensation.)

Mr. Seward, of New York, asked Mr. Bell to give way for a motion to adjourn.

Mr. Bell refused. He was ready now to vindicate his course.

Mr. Foote, of Vermont, pressed him to yield, and thus stop the discussion.

Mr. Bell was willing to yield for an executive session, provided he could have the floor to-morrow.

On the 24th. Mr. Mallory of Florida, presented a bill authorizing the construction of a naval dry dock.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, asked whether the current report was true, that Senators Stuart, of Michigan, and Broderick, of California, were read out of the Democratic party at the Democratic caucus.

Mr. Allen, of Rhode Island, said he knew nothing about it.

The Kansas Bill, after further debate, was made the special order for Monday next.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, resumed his speech from yesterday, saying that Mr. Johnson's attack was entirely unmerited for.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, interrupting, disclaimed any intention of impugning Mr. Bell's motives or private character.

Mr. Bell expressed his surprise at such a statement. Was his colleague ignorant of the tenor of his argument and language? The attack was most offensive.

Mr. Bell proceeded at length, vindicating himself of the charge that he had been looking for support to the North, rather than the South, and quoting from a letter written by him in 1840 to Gov. Gilmer of South Carolina, to sustain the argument. He again denied that the Nebraska Bill was the subject of controversy in Tennessee in 1855. He explained his vote on the right of the reception of Abolition petitions, and showed that he took the same ground as Buchanan, who said in the Senate that the North had as good a right to interfere with slavery, as the latter had to resist the right of the petition. He reiterated his position of yesterday, animadverting upon his colleague's (Mr. Johnson) course of action, with much severity. With regard to Mr. Johnson's supposed case of an honorable gentleman playing a bold game for the Presidency, by voting both for the South and North, voting with the former, but telling the latter he was with them, and voted only because he was so instructed, Mr. Bell replied that if he knew a man who could be guilty of such trickery and fraud, that man was his colleague. He also characterized him as an incendiary, ready to carry the torch of disunion into Tennessee, if thwarted in his political purposes. He concluded by adding that he could entertain no further respect for his colleague, unless he should withdraw the offensive portions of yesterday's speech.

Mr. Johnson replied, that his colleague had not controverted a single fact, or answered one argument presented by him yesterday. His speech to-day was conclusive evidence that the arguments were unanswerable; with regard to the withdrawal of personal remarks, he had disclaimed, this morning, any intention of being offensive. He had no other apology or retraction to make.

The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.

On the 22th, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, presented a letter from Mr. Shields, and moved that he take his seat as a Senator from Minnesota. The letter argues that Minnesota is now a sovereign State, and one of the members of the United States, referring to several precedents in support of his position.

A discussion ensued as to whether this was a privileged question.

Mr Pugh, of Ohio, thought it was a privileged question, but contended that Minnesota had not so far complied with the terms of admission as to entitle her Senators to be sworn without some action by Congress.

Mr. Crittenden sent up the credentials of Mr. Shields. He argued that the question was one of privilege, contended that Mr Shields's right to a seat was as good as his own, and urged the importance of immediate action.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved to table the question. Lost—yeas 26, nays 22.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said the whole question to be considered was: "Is Minnesota a State?" He submitted a resolution referring the question as to Mr. Shields to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to inquire whether Minnesota was a State of the Union under the Constitution.

The Army Bill was then taken up for consideration, the question pending being Mr. Johnson's (Tennessee) substitute for the employment of 4,000 volunteers. This was amended by reducing the number to 3,000. After much debate the substitute, as amended, was rejected—yeas 23, nays 26.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, proposed a substitute for the original bill to increase the regular army by one regiment of dragoons and two regiments of infantry.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, moved to amend Mr. Hunter's substitute, by authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers, not exceeding three thousand, to serve as cavalry or infantry for two years, unless sooner discharged.

This amendment was adopted—yeas 27, nays 25.

The bill in this form was reported to the Senate, but on the vote being taken was rejected—yeas 16, nays 30, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Bell, Biggs, Broderick, Cameron, Crittenden, Douglas, Green, Gwin, Houston, Johnson of Tennessee, Mallory, Pugh, Seward, Stuart, Thomson of Ky., and Toombs.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Bigler, Brown, Chandler, Clark, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Evans, Fessenden, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Hammond, Harlan, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Ark., King, Mason, Polk, Sebastian, Simmons, Slidell, Sumner, Thomson of N. J., Trumbull, Wilson, Wright and Yulee.

The absentees were Messrs. Bates, Bright, Collamer, Davis, Fitzpatrick, Jones, Kennedy, Pearce, Reed, Wade, and Henderson.

An amicable personal explanation took place between Messrs. Bell and Johnson of Tenn.

Mr. Bell remarked that he did not say that he would disregard the instructions of the Tennessee Legislature, but that he would not obey them. Nor did he say that he would vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He was inclined to go against it, but would await new developments.

Mr. Seward, of New York, begged leave to interpose, saying that he had paid particular attention to Mr. Bell's speech, and when Mr. Johnson replied, saw that the latter had misapprehended him when he spoke as if Mr. Bell had pledged himself to vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 23rd, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriations.

Mr. Burroughs, of New York, vindicated the North from the charge of sectionalism preferred by Southern gentlemen, referring to statistical facts showing the immense preponderance of the expenditures of the government in behalf of the south over the north, and contrasting the superiority of the north over the south, in industry, wealth, population, education, &c. He proceeded to denounce both Pierce and Buchanan for their course on the Kansas question.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, then called the gentleman to order. It was disgraceful for gentlemen to denounce, on this floor, a co-ordinate branch of the government.

Cries of no, no!

Mr. Burroughs would be happy to say in his heart he honored Mr. Buchanan, but he must be allowed to speak his candid opinion.

He was proceeding, when Mr. Smith again interrupted.

Much confusion ensued, during which Mr. Burroughs' hour closed.

Mr. Curry, of Alabama, contended that the Lecompton Constitution was adopted under all the forms of law, by conservative, law-abiding men, and opposed by factionists and rebels. The action of the Convention was conclusive. It was absurd to say that the Legislature of Kansas can interfere with it. The constitution is valid without its submission to the people. Some of his friends speak of compromise, like his colleague. For Congress to order the submission of the constitution to the people, would be a violation of the organic act, a direct intervention in the affairs of Kansas to coerce the people to Congressional dictation. This would be worse than Black Republicanism itself. He contrasted the political and social institutions of the south with those of the north, eulogizing the former, and drawing a fearful picture of the latter, and spoke of the unnumbered woes that would encompass the north, should the Abolitionists ever succeed in their designs. The south, he continued, needed an extension of slave territory. If the issue should ever be forced upon her that no more slave States shall be admitted, he would not anticipate what Alabama would do. But, recognizing the right of secession, his fealty to Alabama would induce him to go where ever she called. Wherever she goes, he should go. Her action should be his action, her destiny his destiny.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, said the people of, and the delegation from, Illinois were unalterable in their opposition to the Lecompton swindle. He vindicated the ability and patriotism of Senator Douglas, whose course would be emphatically endorsed by the people of Illinois. He scouted the threats of dissolution, saying that the confederacy was worth more to the south than all the negroes it ever owned. The Union is a priceless gem to both north and south. He referred to the fact that cabinet officers were coming into Congress, endeavoring to subdue independent thought, and coercing the members to vote contrary to their convictions. He would never bend the knee to bask in the sunshine of Executive favor. If proscription comes, let it come. The President has no better friends than those Democrats who differ with him on the Kansas question. If his Kansas policy prevails, the Democratic party in the next Congress would be in a hopeless minority.

Mr. Andrews, of New York, opposed the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, saying that, under no conceivable circumstances, would he vote for the admission of additional slave States into the Union. Adjourned.

On the 24th, the bill granting pensions to the soldiers of the war of 1812 was postponed till the third Monday of March next.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, reported a bill, changing the present system for the relief of disabled seamen.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Crawford, of Ga., referred to the Kansas question, and explained the reasons why the peace there was disturbed, contending that the whole of the present troubles environing the Kansas question originated, not from anything wrong in the Lecompton Constitution, but from a predetermined intention of the anti-slavery men of the north to defeat the objects of the Compromise of 1850. He attributed this to the hatred of the Republicans to slavery, and the doctrine of self-government, as provided in the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Mr. Goodwin, of N. Y., strongly condemned the efforts to force upon the people of Kansas the institutions they abhor, and place slavery there. The President and his Cabinet, in thus doing, were engaged in a work of fraud, violence and usurpation, and confirming the predictions of the opposers of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, that the design of that bill was to plant slavery in that Territory.

Mr. Millson, of Va., said that he voted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and he could look back for the last four years, feeling no responsibility for the disturbances of the country. The transfer of the slavery question to the people of the Territory produced these convulsions. The government of the Territory was the mere creature of Congress. It had no self-existent, independent power. He was opposed to squatter sovereignty. The declaration of the Supreme Court of the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise secured the right to hold slaves in the Territory, but the Kansas-Nebraska Act threw embarrassments around that question—That bill, as a new compromise, was worse than the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Chaffee, of Mass., defended the Topeka Constitution, combating the President's assertion that the action of its framers was treasonable, and contending that the Constitution was provisional, and the best for the people of the Territory.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Fenton, of N. Y., Davis, of Miss., and others. Adjourned.

On the 25th, Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the organization of a regiment of mounted volunteers, for the defence of the frontiers of Texas. Also, authorizing the President to call out, as emergencies may require, four additional regiments of volunteers. He thought the bill more in accordance with public sentiment than any yet presented. Consideration postponed till next Wednesday.

The Matteson expulsion resolution was then called up.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, expressed his firm belief that the House had the power, and it was its duty, to pass the resolution, and do it at once. All the facts were in form, and the depositions all the members were probably familiar with.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, said that on a former occasion he had moved, upon act of justice, the postponement of the case, having been informed that Mrs. Matteson was sick. Since then he had learned that the statement was fabricated. Some accounts say that she is sick, and others that she was enjoying better health than ever. He read a letter from the family physician, saying that Mrs. Matteson had scarcely seen a well day for six months past, and during the few last weeks she has suffered more than usual.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Seward, Stanton, Smith, Harris, &c.—the principal question involved being the power of the House to expel for an offence for which the offender had already been once expelled.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, would expel Mr. Matteson, not only for punishment, but for the purification of the House. He would expel him as long as he (Mr Jones) should be a member of the House, if Mr. Matteson's constituents should continue to re-elect him. He considered him morally disqualified for a member of the American Congress.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, said that the letter on which the charges against Mr Matteson were based was known to his constituents at the time of his election to Congress. The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Harris) had said he would not set here with a rogue and villain, but, continued Mr. Grow, the people of the Congressional districts choose our associates. If the members had this right, if they can say who shall sit here, they could exercise the power of tyrants. Suppose that a convicted murderer should be sent here, could the majority drive him out? He protested against such an assumption.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, moved to lay the resolution on the table. Rejected—yeas 91, nays 122.

A motion to refer the resolution to a select committee was then carried—yeas 93, nays 87. Adjourned.

On the 26th, the further consideration of Mr. Hoard's resolution for a select committee of inquiry, whether the Executive influence was exerted to control the votes of members, was postponed till the ensuing Thursday.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of the introduction of a bill, permitting the Government to be sued by creditors in the courts of the United States.

Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, rose to a question of privilege, and read an article from the Norfolk Argus, describing a ridiculous scene, in which he and several others were actors. He denounced the writer as guilty of a deliberate falsehood, and not a particle of truth in the statement.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, said there was a spirit of revolution abroad, which, unless checked, would eventuate in disunion. For this spirit of revolution the representatives of a portion of the people are responsible, they having started it on this floor. He was opposed to disunion. He hoped it would never happen, but he believed that if the idea shall go abroad that the disruption of this Confederacy was impossible, it would only lead to increased efforts to effect it on the part of those who were determined to destroy it. He had no authority for saying that the rejection of Kansas, because of its slavery constitution, will occasion a dissolution. He would tell gentlemen that if disunion should ever come, the States, and not Congress, would bring it about. If that time should ever come, which heaven forbid, he would be the last man to leave his post. He then proceeded to argue that Kansas should be admitted into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution. He said respectable Free State men took no part in the scenes of violence that occurred there.

In reply to a question, Mr. Smith answered:—Admit Kansas, then you can withdraw the troops [illegible] let the settlers there cut each other's throats in their own way.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio—Will you vote for the resolution requiring the President to withdraw the troops, in case Kansas is admitted.

Mr. Smith answered—Yes.

Mr Crawford, of Georgia, said he would have to voted a year ago.

Other Democratic members responded to the same effect.

Mr. Giddings immediately gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill directing the withdrawal of the army in Kansas.

Mr. Smith—If I vote for the withdrawal of the army, will you vote for the admission of Kansas?

Mr. Giddings, emphatically—Under the Lecompton Constitution? Never! Never!

Mr. Smith, proceeding, said there was no cause for a separation of the Democracy on this question.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, replying to a remark applicable to him, said the conviction of his mind were the same now as at the last Congress. He objected to Mr. Smith's drawing inferences from his speech not justified by its language. He maintained then, as now, that the people of Kansas are not allowed to manage their own affairs. He would defend their rights. He denied following any man's lead. He came here without a conference with his colleagues, but subsequently ascertained that all agreed with him. He could not change the position he now occupied.

Mr. Smith continued:—The people of Kansas are begging for admission, but are opposed by the members of the House, led by the New York Tribune. Admit her, and the slavery agitation there is quieted forever. He remembered that Frederick P. Stanton threw the first fire-brand in the Democratic caucus during Pierce's administration; he had now turned abolition lecturer, and gone North. He hoped he would stay there. He concluded by saying that he did not want the admission of Kansas hampered by any conditions, as he believed the people could amend their Constitution when they pleased.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, asked for the consideration of the Indian Appropriation Bill. It had been before the House for ten days, but as yet no allusion had been made to it.

Mr. Giddings made a few remarks depicting the wrongs of slavery, and maintaing that man everywhere has the right to assert and strike for liberty.

The Committee rose, and the Indian Appropriation Bill, as reported, was passed by the House.

The bill appropriating $408,000 to enable the President to fulfil the treaty of stipulations for the abolition of the Sound Dues was also passed.

The House then adjourned till Monday.

A TRUANT HUSBAND FOUND.—A few weeks since Mrs. Mary S. Rich, agent of the "Woman's Protective Emigrant Society," arrived at Bloomington, Ill., in charge of 70 or 80 young women, in search of situations. A married man of that town waited upon the lady, and informed her that he wanted a girl to do housework. Having satisfied Mrs. Rich that he was "all right," that lady introduced him to the girls in her charge, stating what he wanted, whereupon one of the young ladies walked up to the married man, and said, "I'll go with this gentleman; I've lived with him before, he is my husband!" Somebody was very much astonished when the young lady found her husband, and another somebody looked very pale when the married man found his first wife.

THE MEXICAN IMBROGLIO.—Later news from Mexico informs us that the government of General Zuloaga was violently opposed. Gen. Mejia was committing terrible outrages upon the people of Sierra, and Gen. Blancarte had applied to the Constitutional Government at Guanajuato for aid against him. The States of Vera Cruz, Oajaca, and Puebla are said to have raised and sent against Zuloaga a force of 8,500 men, with forty pieces of artillery. The troubles in Campeachy have been settled, and the whole of Yucatan is united against Zuloaga.

A MINISTER AND HIS WIFE ARRESTED

For alleged Highway Robbery.

The Rev. Samuel Smith, master of the Collegiate School at Clifton, and formerly second master of Bishops' College, England, and his wife, have been arrested for alleged highway robbery and attempted murder. It appears that the wife of Mr. Smith was a Miss Mills, and about nine years ago, before her marriage, numbered among her suitors a Mr. Leach, contractor. The match was broken off, and Mr. Leach married another lady, who died some time since. Mrs. Smith, having ascertained that Mr. Leach had become a widower, addressed a letter to him, in which she stated that her husband had recently died, and invited him to renew the intimacy which formerly existed between them.

After several letters had passed, Mr. Leach agreed to meet the lady at Bristol (Eng.) on Sunday, 31st January. They met at the Bristol station, and took tickets for Yate, where they alighted, and Mrs. Smith proposed to cross the common to her residence, instead of taking the high road. The station-master advised against this, on account of the darkness of the night, but finding her strenuous, took a lantern and accompanied them to the point from which they would have to cross the common. In a short time the lady professed to have lost the way, and in a few minutes after Mr. Leach was assaulted by a man.

Being a strong man, he, however got the better of his assailant, and his cries for aid were heard by two of the railroad men, who came up. The assailant was found to be the Rev. Mr. Smith, the husband of the lady, but he managed to make his escape. The detective force proceeded to the house of Mr. Smith, and arrested the parties. On their track were found a widow's cap and a six-barrel revolver, loaded and capped, near the spot where the struggle took place.

In searching the house, a parcel containing a shirt, collar, satin scarf and pocket-handkerchief, all marked with Mr. Leach's name, was found.—*English Paper.*

A PERSEVERING WOMAN—WALKING FOUR HUNDRED MILES FOR A HUSBAND.—Near Norwich, Chenango county, New York, lived two families of well-to-do farmers, between whom there existed as bitter a feud as ever raged between the Montagues and Capulets. The heads of the families consumed the bulk of their time in annoying each other, and the children on both sides, with two exceptions, inherited their parents' hatred, and lost no opportunity of gratifying it.

These exceptions were the oldest son of the one, and the second daughter of the other, who, seeing no reason why they should hate each other in imitation of their parents, became desperately enamored. The parents soon discovered how matters stood, and of course were enraged. John and Mary were both severely reprimanded, and charged particularly to think no more of each other. But who ever heard of such a charge being obeyed? The more they were told not to, the more they did. Seeing that easy measures would not answer, the parents of John sent him to an uncle in this county. Mary's progenitors locked her up for a week, to keep her from following him. After his departure the poor girl had a serious time of it. Her parents called her to cure her of despondency, her brothers and sisters added to her unhappiness by continued taunts and revilings, until her home became insupportable.

One night in November last, the whole family joined in reviling and abusing her. Not a word did she say in reply, but her ashy face and bloodless lips showed that something was brewing. As soon as the family had retired, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and going down from her room, noiselessly unlocked the door, and walked out into the darkness. Half crazed, she had thought of nothing but escape, and had not provided herself with any necessaries for the long journey she had undertaken. She knew where John was, and she determined to reach him. By daylight she had achieved ten miles. At a farmhouse she procured breakfast, and making inquiries, set out again. Day after day she travelled, eating and sleeping at farm-houses. Occasionally a charitable [illegible] even again for days, she was obliged to walk.

Finally, completely worn out, she arrived at her destination. She found John, told him her troubles and trials, and put herself under his protection. John, like a sensible man, posted to Bucyrus, got out the papers, and married her offhand. To end the story as fictitious ones are always concluded, they should have gone back, fallen on their knees, and implored the forgiveness of their parents. But neither of them were romantic. They felt that they had done nothing to be forgiven for, and had no particular desire to see the faces of those who had abused them. So instead of going East, they went West, and are by this time settled in Wisconsin.—*New Haven Palladium.*

THE MARRIAGE TREATY OF THE LATE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.—A copy of the treaty between her Majesty and the King of Prussia respecting the marriage of her Royal Highness the late Princess Royal with his Royal Highness the Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles of Prussia (signed in London on the 18th of December last) is published. The expenses of the joint establishment of the newly-married pair will be defrayed out of the appanage of the royal bridegroom, which is fixed by the King of Prussia at $92,000 per annum. Her Majesty the Queen of England presents to her daughter a marriage dowry of $200,000, the interest of which will help to defray the expenses of the joint establishment. The capital sum will be paid over to a Commissioner of the King of Prussia, and meanwhile his Majesty assigns to the Princess the sum of $260,000, to be charged on the Crown Trust Fund of Prussia, to serve as a security until the arrangements on the part of the royal house of Prussia Brandenburg in regard to the said portion shall have been fulfilled.

In the event of the marriage proving fruitful, the said portion, after the death of the parents, will be equally divided among those children who shall attain eighteen years of age, or who shall marry under that age. In the event of sterility, and the death of the Prince of Prussia during the lifetime of his wife the capital will be transferred to her Royal Highness. In the event of the Prince being left a widower, the capital will be disposed of as the deceased Princess may have appointed, subject to the life interest of the Prince. Her Britannic Majesty promises to secure to her daughter the annual sum of £8,000, voted by Parliament last session. The Prussian King undertakes to secure the Princess a jointure "suitable to the circumstances" in the event of her becoming a widow, which, however, a second marriage would quash. The jointure would be $30,000 or $40,000, according to circumstances.

THE QUEEN A BAD CHURCHWOMAN.—The head of the English Church does not seem to be a very good churchwoman. The London Times complains, "Her Majesty is no safe guide. Her disregard of Lent is proverbial." And now she has "held her first royal drawing-room after her daughter's marriage, on the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles I." Many rejoice, however, at her disposition to sweep away this and other memorials of ancient party strife, and ask for an order in council to withdraw the last shadow of a pretext for reading services which have been generally discontinued for many years, and which would outrage the feelings of all parties in the Church and the Commonwealth.

EDDY.—The latest instance of the aristocratic notions of female servants that we have heard recently occurred not a hundred miles from the Brookline reservoir. One Irish girl lost her situation as soon as she discovered that the house was not supplied with water pipes. She said "she could not remain in a family that were so old-fashioned as to *pump the water they used.*" In another instance, a foreign maid left a good place because she said "she had always been accustomed to live with people who used their silver tea set *every day.*" She therefore declined a place where the silver set was used only on extra occasions.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE EXPLOSION OF A GAS PIPE AT CINCINNATI.—We have given a brief account of the explosion of a gas pipe in the Methodist Protestant Church, in Cincinnati, on the evening of the 18th ult. The Cincinnati papers of the 19th, contain long details of the disaster. From the Gazette we take the following:

About one-fourth of the flooring of the church had been torn up and scattered about, and full one-fourth of the seats had been removed from their places, and either smashed or greatly damaged. The cushions of the seats were scattered in every direction, and nearly every window in the room, and most of the inside blinds were blown to pieces. Most of the sashes of the windows were thrust out, as though some heavy body, filling the entire window, had passed through. The pulpit and the platform were apparently uninjured. The Bible, hymn-book and water-pitcher, standing upon the desk, were thrown in a heap together upon the floor.

When the explosion occurred, there were some eight or ten persons only in the church, but all of these were more or less injured, and some of them we think fatally so. At the moment of the explosion, Rev. Daniel Kinney, President of the Ohio Conference, accompanied by Rev. Mr. White, the pastor of the church, had reached within five or six feet of the door, and in an instant they were blown nearly across Sixth street. Mr. White it seems struck upon his face and left knee, in the street, but fortunately received no other injuries than a severe bruise on the nose, from which the blood flowed profusely, and a bruise on the knee.

President Kinney had arrived from his home on the evening train, and was proceeding to the church to aid in the services of the evening. He was blown about half way across the street, his face badly cut, and his head bruised. The severest wound is under his left eye, and the physicians last night feared he might lose the sight of it altogether.

Mrs. Margaret Hook, a widow lady, had entered the church but a short time previous to the explosion, with her daughter, Charlotte, a young lady, and her son, William Henry, some twelve or fourteen years of age. At the time of the explosion they were in the lecture-room, and the mother and son were most seriously injured. The daughter escaped with a slight cut upon the left cheek.

For several weeks a revival has been going on in this church, and the meetings have been nightly crowded. Had the explosion taken place half an hour later, the loss of life must have been fearful indeed. The church building had just been repaired at an expense of some $10,000, and the body of it was open to divine service on Sunday last for the first time since the repairs commenced.

It may be well enough to remind those who use gas in their buildings, that when a leak does occur, and the gas escapes so as to become offensive, they should at once open the windows of the house, and leave them open till the leak is remedied, and under no circumstances should a light be taken into a room filled with escaped gas. An experienced gas fitter should then be sent for, and the difficulty may be remedied without danger. A little attention to these suggestions will save us from calamities like that of Friday evening.

DARING BURGLARY AND DESPERATE FIGHT AT METUCHIN, N. J.—The dwelling house of Mr. Cotterell, at Metuchin, about a mile and a quarter from the residence of Ex-Alderman Ayres, formerly of this city, was broken into at two o'clock this morning, and robbed of $1,290 in money. Mr. Cotterell and a hired boy, about twelve years old, were the only inmates of the house. The burglars entered by removing the shutter, and breaking through the window.—They first ransacked the lower part of the house, breaking open a closet, and taking therefrom eighteen silver spoons, and then went up stairs into Mr. Cotterell's room, and took from his bureau a gold watch and a package of money containing $1,290. While one of the fellows was at the bureau, Mr. Cotterell awoke and asked who was there, to which the thief said, "You keep still, or you'll find out." Mr. Cotterell, who is quite an athletic man, instantly sprang from his bed and attached the fellow [illegible] while the latter cut him with a knife in two of the fingers, inflicting only a slight injury. Mr. C. then seized a double-barrelled gun, loaded with shot, which the thief perceived, and instantly blew out the light, and retired down the winding stairs. Mr. C. shot at, but did not hit him, and then followed in pursuit. The thief and a comrade instantly ran out of doors, when Mr. C. shot at him again, indicting undoubtedly a severe wound, as he was tracked by blood on the snow for a considerable distance, but managed to escape. On being hit, he dropped the watch and spoons, which were found at daylight this morning. Mr. Cotterell then returned to the house, and on entering the lower room, supposing all the thieves had gone, he was suddenly seized by a third person, who clenched him from behind, and, before he could recover himself, threw him with such force against a settee, striking on the side, and stunning him for some minutes. The fellow then ran off. A large and ferocious dog, which generally guards the premises, was quieted in some unknown manner by the thieves, and remained indifferent during the transaction. The stolen money consisted of $90 in 10's on the State Bank of Newark, $200 in 20's on the State Bank of New Brunswick, $700 in $20 gold pieces, $150 in small bills on the City Bank, Perth Amboy, and the balance on other banks.—*Newark Advertiser, Feb. 24.*

ABLE TO OWE THE GOVERNMENT.—A Washington letter writer narrates the following amusing display of Congressional genius:

Notwithstanding the "dignity" which surrounds the supreme legislative body of the land, some ludicrous scenes occur within the Hall.—Not long ago, a very enthusiastic and eloquent gentleman from Arkansas got up to address the House on the filibustering question, and as the discussion was roaming extremely wide, he soon found himself talking about public lands in his own State. On this theme he waxed warm, and in the midst of a burst of enthusiasm, and a fervent appeal in favor of a donation of land to Arkansas, a wicked member asked him if that State had not once borrowed money from the General Government?

"Yes, sir," replied the excited member, "my State did get money from this Government. She not only got it, sir, but she kept it; and let me tell you, Mr. Chairman, that our people down in Arkansas are an honorable people, and although they never intend to pay that money, yet they will not repudiate, but will always 'acknowledge the corn,' and confess that they do owe 'Uncle Sam,' and are able to owe him. Of course, this acknowledgment brought down the House."

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—A much-vaunted process of tinging bank note paper with what is called the "Patent Green Tint," as a sure preventive of counterfeiting, proves to be of no value as such. A five dollar note on the Housatonic Bank, Stockbridge, Mass., has just made its appearance. It is printed upon green tinted paper, undistinguishable from the patented article. So admirably is the note executed that the only safety exists in refusing all notes of the bank of that denomination. The ingenuity of counterfeiters appears to increase every day, while so closely do they cling together that conviction rarely ensues, even after indictment. We can remember within a year past the arrest of perhaps a hundred counterfeiters in this city—yet they either forfeit their bail, give straw bail with the connivance of the authorities, or else bring bribery to bear and wholly escape prosecution.—*Phila. North American.*

PROPOSED ABOLITION OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN ENGLAND.—A bill of Lord Brougham and Vaux, just presented to the Upper House, totally abolishes imprisonment for debt upon final process, retaining it only as an *in terrorem* for judgment debtors who may be mulcted in damages under certain actions, or who may have contracted their debts dishonestly, and this must be proved before county court. The laws relating to bankrupts are (henceforth) to extend to non-traders.

MARRIAGES OF ENGLISH PRINCESSES GENERALLY UNHAPPY.—"Give me neither riches nor poverty," said a wise and good man. The unfortunate character of the marriages of most princesses, the very persons who might be supposed to have the greatest chances of happiness, is one out of many proofs of the deep knowledge of life embodied in that saying.

Especially have English princesses, as we are reminded by the late marriage of the Princess Royal, been unlucky in their matrimonial connexions. More particularly is this true of princesses of the House of Hanover. To go back to Sophia, daughter of George the First, who married the first William Frederick of Prussia, she, poor thing! was almost daily beaten by her husband, a man whose brutality amounted almost to insanity. Once she was nearly killed by him, with her daughter; and often was in imminent fear for her life. He denied her, sometimes, even the common necessaries of life. She used to say, sarcastically, in her old age, that the only kind words he ever addressed to her were, "Sophia, get up and see me die."

The eldest daughter of George the Second made a match only less unhappy. She was twenty-four before she married at all; and then had to take the deformed Prince of Orange, because he was the only Protestant Prince in Europe of suitable age. Her father expostulated with her on the malformation of her proposed bridegroom. "Were he a Dutch baboon," she answered, tired out with her position at home, "I would marry him." It was the custom of that coarse age for a bride and groom, on the nuptial evening, to sit up in bed, in costly night-dresses, to receive the compliments of their friends. On this occasion, as the royal family and nobility defiled past the Prince and Princess, who were magnificent in lace and silver, the Queen, the bride's own mother, declared that when she looked at the bridegroom from behind, he seemed to have no head, and when she looked at him in front, she could not, for the life of her, tell where his legs were. Walpole or Henry, we forget which, records the anecdote. The Princess lived to regret her maiden condition at her father's court, even with all the neglect that attended it.

Another daughter of George the Second married the Landgrave of Hesse, the same who afterwards sold his soldiers to England, in order to assist in conquering these colonies. He was so brutal, that his wife at last had to desert him and seek refuge in her native country. A third married the King of Denmark, who abused her shamefully, openly insulting her in the presence of an unprincipled woman, who shared what he had of affection. She died, partly of a broken heart, partly of a cruel disease, at the early age of twenty-seven. The melancholy story of the Princess Charlotte, only child of George the Fourth, is of so late a date, that it is familiar to all. Her marriage, however, was unfortunate only in its early and fatal termination; for while she lived, the conduct of her husband, we believe, was blameless.

Not as a princess, but as a young and innocent girl, of whom every one speaks well, the new bride ought to have the wishes of every one, at least those of her own sex, in favor of a happier lot than fell to her predecessors. In every respect, however, Prussian marriages have been unfortunate, both for English and Prussian Princesses. The gloomy day on which the late bride left London, for it was snowing heavily, has been cited as a bad omen. But the belief in omens, luckily, is past.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—SENATE.—Mr. Buckalew, from the Select Committee on the Kansas resolutions, has made a majority report, recommending that Mr. Gazzam's resolution against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution be indefinitely postponed, and reporting Mr. Wilkins's resolution approbatory. The report is lengthy, and urges the speedy admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, with the declaration of the *right* of the people of Kansas to alter the Constitution whenever they desire, through the proper *legal means.* The report sustains the grounds assumed in the President's message.

Mr. Wright moved to print three thousand copies of the report in pamphlet form.

Mr. Benner moved to postpone the printing for one week, in order to give the minority an opportunity to prepare a report. Not agreed to—yeas 10, nays 20. [The Democratic members all voted in the negative, and the Republicans in the affirmative.]

Mr. Gazzam made a statement that the Committee met only the evening previous for the first time, and that the minority had no time to prepare a minority report, and asked that time be granted.

THE EFFECTS OF MOONLIGHT.—Professor Piazza Smith, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, in his interesting account of a recent scientific expedition made by him to the Peak of Teneriffe, has set at rest the *quæstio vexata* of the heat of the moonlight. He says that his thermometrical instruments were sensibly affected by the moon's rays, even at the lowest of two stations occupied by him at different elevations. In tropical climates, meat which is exposed to the moonlight rapidly becomes putrid; and in the West Indies the negroes, who will lie sweltering and uncovered beneath the full glare of a tropical sun, carefully muffle their heads and faces when exposed to the moonbeams, which they believe will cause swelling and distortion of the features, and sometimes even blindness.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS—SPEECH OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—The Governor General's speech was delivered Feb. 26. He anticipates the success of the British army in India, congratulates the country on the prudence of its merchants and strength of its banking institutions, as shown during the recent commercial and financial panic; recommends the attention of Parliament to the fisheries; congratulates the success of the Canadian ocean steamship lines; recommends notice to the increasing value of trade with the United States; and says the correspondence between the Imperial Government and the authorities of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in reference to intercolonial railways, anticipates the early completion of the Grand Trunk railway, without further aid from the Province.

A WARNING.—The Kingston (Canada) News states that revival meetings have lately been held in the country back of that place, attended with unfavorable results. The furor of the participants in the religious exercises was of so extravagant a character, at times, that some of them actually shrieked, others stamped, and one is reported to have fairly jumped over a stove in the paroxysm of holy feeling. Among the enthusiasts was a farmer, past the middle age, who was previously remarkable for his quiet demeanor, but who, by frequenting the meetings, became at last a confirmed maniac. Last week the poor man was submitted to an examination by physicians of Kingston, who pronounced his case hopeless. In consequence of the result the meetings were discontinued.

WHY HE DOES NOT COME OUT.—It is stated that the Middlesex (Mass.) Company, on finding that Mr. Wolcott did not expend the unaccounted for $57,000 upon Congressmen, and that he won't tell what he has done with that sum under the pressure of the Investigation Committee, are anxious to try the effect of common law

NEWS ITEMS.

TWELVE bodies have been found from the ship John Milton, wrecked on Montauk Point, Long Island. The captain's desk, containing some papers, and a large chart, with the log-book, a couple of coats, pants, and other articles of clothing, were also taken up from the beach.

SOME men who were engaged in cutting ice in one of the creeks attached to Buffalo, on the 23d ultimo, actually sawed the body of a man in two, and the presence of the body was not known until the parts were seen in the blocks of ice after they had been loaded upon a sleigh to be drawn to the ice-house.

AN interesting event recently occurred in Edinburgh, namely, the entertainment of the cabmen of the city to supper by Miss Catharine Sinclair. About 300 "weather-beaten but most respectable looking" cabmen sat down in the Music-hall to supper at half-past ten o'clock. The hall was handsomely decorated, and the supper, which was plentiful and substantial, was followed by tea and coffee. During the evening several songs were sung by professionals, and the assembly was addressed by several gentlemen on practical topics, to the evident gratification of the assembly.

THE Red Republicans in New York on Wednesday evening week celebrated in grand style the anniversary of the French Revolution of February, 1848. The recent attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon found much sympathy with most of the speakers.

MORMONS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—We find the following marriage notice in the Portsmouth Chronicle:—

"Sealed in Gilsum, by Solomon Mack, elder of the Latter Day Saints, Mr. Josiah Grimes, of G., to Mrs. Maria Madison, of Keene.

UPON the authority of the last census it is said, that out of seven hundred thousand (700,000) Jews residing in the United States, only *one* WAS registered as a farmer.

CHIEF Justice Nelson, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, has become insane, and is removed to the McLean Asylum.

THE Massachusetts Senate has refused, by a vote of 23 to 7, to amend the resolve in relation to qualification of voters, by substituting nine for two years' residence of foreigners, and also rejected an amendment to substitute five, by a vote of 26 to 9.

RACHEL has bequeathed to Napoleon III. her beautiful marble bust of the First Consul, and her own bust to Prince Napoleon, who, it is stated in private circles, has legally recognized one of her sons.

REV Mr. Kalloch lectured at Bangor, Me., on the evening of the 18th ultimo, and was subjected to indignities. Some rowdy turned off the gas, and then somebody else threw some "ancient" eggs upon the platform. The darkness frustrated the aim of the egg projector, and another gentleman was hit instead of Mr. Kalloch.

THE bill to remove the disability of witnesses on account of their religious belief, has been negatived in the Senate of Pennsylvania. Yeas 13, nays 15.

THE SOLAR PARALLAX.—Professor Gould, of Cambridge, has obtained the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, showing that the Sun is 96,160,000 statute miles distant from the Earth, instead of 95,000,000, the usual computation.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—A force of three hundred recruits has been sent from Governor's Island, under charge of Major Electus Backus, 3d infantry, to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to fill up deficiencies in the 7th infantry, now stationed in Kansas and Nebraska.

LONGEVITY OF CLERGYMEN.—It is stated that of 80 clergymen who died in the year 1855, more than one-half had passed the age of three score and ten.

SORGHUM MOLASSES FOR INK ROLLERS.—It is stated on the authority of a crack pressman, that rollers made from Chinese sugar cane molasses are far superior to those made with any other kind. The Sorghum syrup will bear long boiling without danger of granulation, and when cast into a roller is much tougher, more elastic, and has better suction than those made by the material in common use. The proportions of syrup and glue used in the composition of this roller are the same as those in use among printers now.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A Frenchman, M. Collongues, announces that from numerous experiments, he has discovered that immediately after death a mourning sound is heard in the body, lasting five, ten, and even fifteen hours. It diminishes gradually, and ceases first in the parts of the body which are farthest from the heart. In an amputated member the same sound is heard for several minutes. The non-existence of this sound may be considered as a sure sign of the total cessation of life. M. Collongues calls this branch of auscultation *dynamiscopia*.

THE St. Louis Intelligencer, which first published the report of the negro insurrection in Arkansas, as a rumor, now contradicts it on reliable authority. It originated in the mistake of an old lady.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburg has distributed 23,000 bushels of coal to the poor, without any reference to sect, class, or nation. It supplied, in one day, forty families with fuel to keep them comfortable a month. Nearly 5,000 persons have been kept comfortable during the winter through the efforts of this society. This is practical Christianity.

THE Democratic delegate convention of Chester County, Pa., (Hickman's district) passed a series of resolutions endorsing the national Administration without reserve, by a vote of fifty yeas to twenty nays.

THE St. Louis Republican notes a heavy operation in provisions in that city on Tuesday, amounting at a money value to over $100,000. The seller was a gentleman of Peoria, and delivers most of the stuff in that place at advanced quotations. This transaction includes, in round figures 2,500 barrels of mess pork, 1,000 tierces of lard, and over 50,000 pieces of cut meats. The mess pork sold at $15,50 and the lard at 9½c.

A MASS Convention of the Democrats of Indiana, opposed to the Lecompton Constitution, was held at Indianapolis, on the 23rd. Col. W. M. McCarty presided. Addresses were made by Judge Johnson, of Kansas; H. B Payne, of Ohio; Judge Wick. Gen. Drake, and others. Every Congressional District in the State was represented. A letter was read from Governor Wise, in response to an invitation to be present, stating that special official duties prevented his presence. The Convention recommended a General Convention of the North and West to assemble at Chicago or some other suitable place. The resolutions were strongly worded.

SEVERAL counties in Pennsylvania have refused to pay the interest on bonds issued to railroad companies. The question of the legal liability for the payment of the same will be soon settled by the Supreme Court of Philadelphia.—The suit of Ellmaker *agt.* the County of Allegheny will shortly be argued.

IOWA LEGISLATURE.—Fourteen members of the Iowa House of Representatives are natives of New York, nine are from Pennsylvania, and seventeen from Ohio.

GRAIN AT CHICAGO.—It is stated that there are about one million bushels of wheat in store, and about sixty thousand barrels of flour at Chicago. Wheat is selling at 53a55 cents. It is the general opinion that two millions bushels of grain will be ready there for transportation upon the opening of navigation.

THE Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph says that, Esquire Bachus, of Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county, recently fined James A. Doyle $5 for *sitting in his seat* during the time of prayer in the M. E. Church.

THE neutral territory, so long in contest for jurisdiction between Florida and Alabama, comprising a narrow strip of fractional township running along the northern boundary line of Florida to the Chattahoochee river, has at length been decided in favor of and annexed to Alabama. Florida has heretofore claimed and exercised jurisdiction over the disputed territory. The lands thus acquired now form part of the Eliza land district.

SCHOOLS IN MAINE.—In the State of Maine, there are 4,102 school districts, 250,764 children between the ages of 4 and 21, and an average of $603,000 expended for school purposes.

☞ Perhaps the great triumph of all moral writings, including sermons, is, that at least they have produced some sweet and innocent sleep to those who heard them.—*Anon.*

> On me when dunces are satiric,
> I take it for a panegyric;
> Hated by rogues and rogues to hate,
> Be this my fortune and my fate. —*Swift.*

☞ I shall always reverence a gray-headed truth; yet prefer reason, a daughter of eternity, before antiquity, which is the offspring of time.—*Culverwell.*

☞ A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

☞ Do you suppose that the grown up child does not want amusement, when you see how greedy children are of it? Do not imagine we grow out of that; we disguise ourselves by various solemnities, but we have none of us lost the child nature yet.

☞ My life is for itself, and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be *genuine* and equal, than it should be glittering and unsteady.—*Emerson.*

☞ To be great is to be misunderstood.

☞ Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy:—"The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops."

☞ A gentleman observed of an indifferent pleader at the bar that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard; for he never attempted to speak but he excited general pity.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

March 1st.—The supply of Beef cattle the past week has been quite large, amounting to about 1400 head. Sales ranged from 7 to 9¼. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from $3 to 4,50 each, or 9 to 10c dressed. 230 Cows sold from $10 to 65 for milch Cows, and from $20 to 36 for dry. Hog market unchanged.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 27.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is dull; sales of 8500 bbls at $4,25a4,30 for State, being a decline of 5c. Wheat firm. Corn continues very dull. Mess Pork is the lower. Sales at $16,10a16,50. Lard is ½ lower. Sales at 9¼a9¾c.

COTTON—The market is steady, with sales of 1100 bales. We quote as formerly:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10¼	10¼	10¼	10¼
Middling	12	12¼	12¼	12¼
Middling fair	12¾	12¾	12¾	12¾
Fair	13¾	13¾	—	—

COFFEE—The market is very quiet, in view of the large amount about to be offered at auction; the stock is very small.

SUGARS—The sales include 310 hhds Cuba at 5¾c; 400 hhds New Orleans at 4¾a7c, and 480 hhds Melada on private terms.

HOPS—In fair request. Sales of 1000 bales 1857's at 4c a 8c.

WHISKEY—The market is unchanged, the supply fair and demand good. Sales of 400 bbls at 22c@22½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & Co. 26 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 14 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
M. REMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON DOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The late advices from Europe, although of an unfavorable character, have had no perceptible effect upon the market. The export demand has been limited, but with a fair home consumptive demand, and a material falling off in the receipts, holders have been firmer in their demands, and at the close prices were refused which would have been accepted early in the week. The sales for export comprise 10000 bbls, at $4,37½a4,50 for superfine; $4,75a5 for Pennsylvania and Western extra; and $5,25a6 for extra family and fancy, but at the close holders refused our lowest quotation. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the retailers and bakers within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour has been quiet, and only 300 bbls sold at $3a3,25, the latter rate for extra. Corn Meal has been more inquired after, and 1500 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $2,87½ ℔ bbl, including 300 Brandywine on terms not made public.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat come forward very slowly, but the demand for it has been limited. The sales comprise 18,000 bus Southern, Pennsylvania and Western at $1a1,08 ℔ bus for fair and prime Red, and $1,15a1,20 for White, including some choice Kentucky at $1,35. 3000 bus Pennsylvania Rye brought 70c. There has been a good demand for Corn, and about 30,000 bus Yellow, in store and to arrive, sold at 60c. Oats have been in request, and have advanced 1c per bushel. Sales of 10,000 bushels at 35 cents for Pennsylvania, and 31c for Southern including 4000 bushels to arrive after the opening of the canal at the former rate.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all descriptions continue light. There is a limited demand for Pork, and the sales have been only in small lots at $16,50a17 ℔ bbl, cash and 60 days, for Western Mess, and $16 for Prime. Sales of City Packed Mess Beef for ships' stores, at $17, cash. Bacon—There is but little stock here, and very little coming forward. Sales of 150 casks, Hams at 10¼a13c, cash and 60 days; Sides at 9¾a10c, and Shoulders at 7¾a8c. There has been a fair demand for Green Salted Meats, but the absence of supplies restricts operations. Sales of Hams, in salt and pickle, at 9¼c; Sides at 8a8¾, and Shoulders at 7a7½c ℔ lb, 60 days. Lard—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm at the advance noted last week, as there is very little coming forward. Sales of 300 bbls and tierces at 10¼a10½c; some Jersey in tubs and barrels at 10¾c; Country at 9¾a9¾c, and kegs at 11a11¼c ℔ lb, cash and 60 days. Butter is quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 10,000 lbs Solid Packed at 10¾a11¾c, and Roll at 13a16c ℔ lb, cash, as to quality. Prices of Eggs and Cheese are unchanged.

BARK—Quercitron Bark continues in demand at $29,50a30 ℔ ton. The stock is extremely light, and holders now refuse this figure. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of good yellow at 27½a28c ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady inquiry for Adamantine, and further sales of 500 boxes city manufactured have been made at 17a18c ℔ lb, 4 and 6 mos. The recent advance in the raw material has caused more firmness. Prices of Sperm and Tallow continue as last quoted.

COAL—Dullness is the only remarkable feature in the market. There is no demand for shipment, and the limited amount now coming forward by railroads is mostly taken for consumption along the route of transportation.

COFFEE—There has been a good inquiry, and prices are very firm. Sales of 1500 bags Rio at 9¾a11¼c ℔ lb, on time; 2368 bags by auction at 9¾a11¼c; 1000 bags Cape at 10¾a10¾c, and 200 bags Laguayra at 11¼c.

[illegible] Copper and Yellow Sheathing and Yellow Metal rather higher under the advices from Europe, and a fair business doing.

COTTON—The foreign accounts have again been favorable, but the market has been extremely quiet, owing to the fact that there is very little coming forward, and the stock is nearly exhausted. Sales of 300 bales Upland at 12¾a13¼c ℔ lb, cash.

DRUGS AND DYES—Prices have undergone no essential change, and trade generally has been quiet.—Bales of Bleaching Powder at 4¼4¾c, Soda Ash at 2¾a3¼c, Cochineal at $1,05; 150 tons Crude Brimstone on private terms, and Alum at 2¾a2¾c ℔ lb.

FEATHERS—Continue in limited request. Small sales of good Western at 40a41c ℔ lb, short time.

FISH—There has been rather more demand for Mackerel, and the dealers have advanced their prices 25c ℔ bbl. 300 bbls medium No 1 sold from the landing at $13 ℔ bbl. Small sales from store at $11,25a11,50 for medium No 1; $10,50 for medium No 2; $9,25a9,50 for No 3. Codfish are firmer and we hear of sales at $3,25a3,37½. Pickled Herring are dull at $3,25a3,50 ℔ bbl.

FRUIT—A cargo of Messina Oranges and Lemons have arrived, but is not disposed of. The stock of Raisins is low, and Bunch are held at $2,50 ℔ box. Domestic Fruit has been very quiet. Sales of dried Apples at 6a6½c ℔ lb; dried Peaches at 11a12c, unpared and pared at 14a18c, according to quality. Cranberries are worth $10a12 ℔ bbl.

GINSENG—Is scarce. The last sale Crude was at 45c ℔ lb, cash.

GUANO—The demand continues limited. We quote Peruvian at $51a53 ℔ ton, cash, and North Pacific at $45.

HEMP—Has been extremely quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There have been no sale since our last notice.

ROPE—Continues dull. Small sales of first sort new crop Eastern and Western at 6a10c ℔ lb.

INDIGO—Is held with much firmness, but there is nothing doing.

IRON—The market continues quiet, but holders are firm, to their demand, with further sales of 600a500 tons Anthracite at $21 for No 1, $20 for No 2, and $19 for No 3, cash. It is reported that 8a10,000 tons have been sold, deliverable on the Susquehanna, on terms not made public. Scotch Pig is nominally held at $25. Charcoal Blooms are held at $75, and Northern at $42 50a43. No change in manufactured iron of any description.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is very light, and holders are firm at the late advance.

LEATHER—There has been rather more demand, but prices remain without change.

LUMBER—There has been comparatively nothing doing, and prices are about nominal for all descriptions.

MOLASSES—There has been a good demand for New Orleans, and 400a500 bbls sold at 30a35c, 4 mos. and 100 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 32c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Supplies come forward slowly. The stock of Spirits of Turpentine is first hands has become exhausted. Small sales have been effected at 50c ℔ gallon, cash, which is a further advance. Small sales of common and No 1 Rosin at $1,40a2 ℔ bbl. Prices of Tar and Pitch continue as last quoted.

OILS—There has been only a very limited demand for Fish Oils, but prices are steadily maintained. Lard Oil is firmer, and holders now ask 60a65c, 60 days, for No. 1 Winter. Linseed Oil is selling at 51a53c ℔ gallon. Burning Fluid and Pine Oil have advanced, in consequence of the advance in Whiskey and Spirits of Turpentine.

PLASTER—Continues scarce and there has been nothing doing.

RICE—There has been more inquiry, and we advance our quotations ¼a½c ℔ lb. Sales of 100 tcs in lots at 3¾a3¾c, now held higher.

SALT—Is unchanged. An import of 3200 sacks Liverpool Ground and 700 sacks Fine has arrived, and remains unsold.

SEED—Clover seed was dull early in the week, and fell off 50c ℔ bush, but since a spirited inquiry has sprung up and this decline has been recovered. Sales of 3000 bus at $4,37½a5 ℔ 64 lbs, closing at the latter figure for prime, and about 50 tons from second hands for export at $5 25a5,37½. Small sales of Timothy at $3,37½a3,50 ℔ bush. In Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—Nutmegs have materially advanced, and holders now ask 85a90c. 100 bags Pimento sold at 6½c ℔ lb, cash. Cloves are held higher.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin have been to a moderate extent, without change in prices. N E Rum commands 34a35c. Whiskey is in steady request, and prices are firmly maintained. Sales of Pecan and Ohio bbls at 22a22c, hhds at 21½c; Drudge at 20½c, closing very dull.

SUGAR—The market has been firm, with a steady demand for the supply of the trade. Sales of 600 hhds Cuba at 5¾a6¼c, and New Orleans at 5¾a7c ℔ lb, cash.

TALLOW—But little offering. Sales of City Rendered at 10¾a11c ℔ lb, cash.

TEAS—The upward tendency noted for some time past still continues, and there is a fair inquiry.

TOBACCO—The demand has been limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, and for the former prices favor buyers.

WINES—The sales have been of an unimportant character.

WOOL—There has been some inquiry for the East-ward, but the transactions have been limited, comprising 70 a80,000 lbs, at 24c@28c for No 1 Pulled; 27c@29c for Merino, and 29a37c ℔ lb, cash, for Fleece. Prices are drooping.

THE WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The late advices from Europe, although of an unfavorable character, have had no perceptible effect upon the market. The export demand has been limited, but with a fair home consumptive demand, and a material falling off in the receipts, holders have been firmer in their demands, and at the close prices were refused which would have been accepted early in the week. The sales for export comprise 10000 bbls, at $4,37½a4,50 ℔ bbl for superfine; $4,75a5 for Pennsylvania and Western extra; and $5,25a6 for extra family and fancy, but at the close holders refused our lowest quotation. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the retailers and bakers within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour has been quiet, and only 300 bbls sold at $3a3,25, the latter rate for extra. Corn Meal has been more inquired after, and 1500 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $2,87½ ℔ bbl, including 300 Brandywine on terms not made public.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat come forward very slowly, but the demand for it has been limited. The sales comprise 18,000 bus Southern, Pennsylvania and Western at $1a1,08 ℔ bus for fair and prime Red, and $1,15a1,20 for White, including some choice Kentucky at $1,35. 3000 bus Pennsylvania Rye brought 70c. There has been a good demand for Corn, and about 30,000 bus Yellow, in store and to arrive, sold at 60c. Oats have been in request, and have advanced 1c per bushel. Sales of 10,000 bushels at 35 cents for Pennsylvania, and 31c for Southern including 4000 bushels to arrive after the opening of the canal at the former rate.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all descriptions continue light. There is a limited demand for Pork, and the sales have been only in small lots at $16,50a17 ℔ bbl, cash and 60 days, for Western Mess, and $16 for Prime. Sales of City Packed Mess Beef for ships' stores, at $17, cash. Bacon—There is but little stock here, and very little coming forward. Sales of 150 casks, Hams at 10¼a13c, cash and 60 days; Sides at 9¾a10c, and Shoulders at 7¾a8c. There has been a fair demand for Green Salted Meats, but the absence of supplies restricts operations. Sales of Hams, in salt and pickle, at 9¼c; Sides at 8a8¾, and Shoulders at 7a7½c ℔ lb, 60 days. Lard—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm at the advance noted last week, as there is very little coming forward. Sales of 300 bbls and tierces at 10¼a10½c; some Jersey in tubs and barrels at 10¾c; Country at 9¾a9¾c, and kegs at 11a11¼c ℔ lb, cash and 60 days. Butter is quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 10,000 lbs Solid Packed at 10¾a11¾c, and Roll at 13a16c ℔ lb, cash, as to quality. Prices of Eggs and Cheese are unchanged.

BARK—Quercitron Bark continues in demand at $29,50a30 ℔ ton. The stock is extremely light, and holders now refuse this figure. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of good yellow at 27½a28c ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady inquiry for Adamantine, and further sales of 500 boxes city manufactured have been made at 17a18c ℔ lb, 4 and 6 mos. The recent advance in the raw material has caused more firmness. Prices of Sperm and Tallow continue as last quoted.

COAL—Dullness is the only remarkable feature in the market. There is no demand for shipment, and the limited amount now coming forward by railroads is mostly taken for consumption along the route of transportation.

COFFEE—There has been a good inquiry, and prices are very firm. Sales of 1500 bags Rio at 9¾a11¼c ℔ lb, on time; 2368 bags by auction at 9¾a11¼c; 1000 bags Cape at 10¾a10¾c, and 200 bags Laguayra at 11¼c.

[illegible] Copper and Yellow Sheathing and Yellow Metal rather higher under the advices from Europe, and a fair business doing.

COTTON—The foreign accounts have again been favorable, but the market has been extremely quiet, owing to the fact that there is very little coming forward, and the stock is nearly exhausted. Sales of 300 bales Upland at 12¾a13¼c ℔ lb, cash.

DRUGS AND DYES—Prices have undergone no essential change, and trade generally has been quiet.—Bales of Bleaching Powder at 4¼4¾c, Soda Ash at 2¾a3¼c, Cochineal at $1,05; 150 tons Crude Brimstone on private terms, and Alum at 2¾a2¾c ℔ lb.

FEATHERS—Continue in limited request. Small sales of good Western at 40a41c ℔ lb, short time.

FISH—There has been rather more demand for Mackerel, and the dealers have advanced their prices 25c ℔ bbl. 300 bbls medium No 1 sold from the landing at $13 ℔ bbl. Small sales from store at $11,25a11,50 for medium No 1; $10,50 for medium No 2; $9,25a9,50 for No 3. Codfish are firmer and we hear of sales at $3,25a3,37½. Pickled Herring are dull at $3,25a3,50 ℔ bbl.

FRUIT—A cargo of Messina Oranges and Lemons have arrived, but is not disposed of. The stock of Raisins is low, and Bunch are held at $2,50 ℔ box. Domestic Fruit has been very quiet. Sales of dried Apples at 6a6½c ℔ lb; dried Peaches at 11a12c, unpared and pared at 14a18c, according to quality. Cranberries are worth $10a12 ℔ bbl.

GINSENG—Is scarce. The last sale Crude was at 45c ℔ lb, cash.

GUANO—The demand continues limited. We quote Peruvian at $51a53 ℔ ton, cash, and North Pacific at $45.

HEMP—Has been extremely quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There have been no sale since our last notice.

ROPE—Continues dull. Small sales of first sort new crop Eastern and Western at 6a10c ℔ lb.

INDIGO—Is held with much firmness, but there is nothing doing.

IRON—The market continues quiet, but holders are firm, to their demand, with further sales of 600a500 tons Anthracite at $21 for No 1, $20 for No 2, and $19 for No 3, cash. It is reported that 8a10,000 tons have been sold, deliverable on the Susquehanna, on terms not made public. Scotch Pig is nominally held at $25. Charcoal Blooms are held at $75, and Northern at $42 50a43. No change in manufactured iron of any description.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is very light, and holders are firm at the late advance.

LEATHER—There has been rather more demand, but prices remain without change.

LUMBER—There has been comparatively nothing doing, and prices are about nominal for all descriptions.

MOLASSES—There has been a good demand for New Orleans, and 400a500 bbls sold at 30a35c, 4 mos. and 100 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 32c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Supplies come forward slowly. The stock of Spirits of Turpentine is first hands has become exhausted. Small sales have been effected at 50c ℔ gallon, cash, which is a further advance. Small sales of common and No 1 Rosin at $1,40a2 ℔ bbl. Prices of Tar and Pitch continue as last quoted.

OILS—There has been only a very limited demand for Fish Oils, but prices are steadily maintained. Lard Oil is firmer, and holders now ask 60a65c, 60 days, for No. 1 Winter. Linseed Oil is selling at 51a53c ℔ gallon. Burning Fluid and Pine Oil have advanced, in consequence of the advance in Whiskey and Spirits of Turpentine.

PLASTER—Continues scarce and there has been nothing doing.

RICE—There has been more inquiry, and we advance our quotations ¼a½c ℔ lb. Sales of 100 tcs in lots at 3¾a3¾c, now held higher.

SALT—Is unchanged. An import of 3200 sacks Liverpool Ground and 700 sacks Fine has arrived, and remains unsold.

SEED—Clover seed was dull early in the week, and fell off 50c ℔ bush, but since a spirited inquiry has sprung up and this decline has been recovered. Sales of 3000 bus at $4,37½a5 ℔ 64 lbs, closing at the latter figure for prime, and about 50 tons from second hands for export at $5 25a5,37½. Small sales of Timothy at $3,37½a3,50 ℔ bush. In Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—Nutmegs have materially advanced, and holders now ask 85a90c. 100 bags Pimento sold at 6½c ℔ lb, cash. Cloves are held higher.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin have been to a moderate extent, without change in prices. N E Rum commands 34a35c. Whiskey is in steady request, and prices are firmly maintained. Sales of Pecan and Ohio bbls at 22a22c, hhds at 21½c; Drudge at 20½c, closing very dull.

SUGAR—The market has been firm, with a steady demand for the supply of the trade. Sales of 600 hhds Cuba at 5¾a6¼c, and New Orleans at 5¾a7c ℔ lb, cash.

TALLOW—But little offering. Sales of City Rendered at 10¾a11c ℔ lb, cash.

TEAS—The upward tendency noted for some time past still continues, and there is a fair inquiry.

TOBACCO—The demand has been limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, and for the former prices favor buyers.

WINES—The sales have been of an unimportant character.

WOOL—There has been some inquiry for the East-ward, but the transactions have been limited, comprising 70 a80,000 lbs, at 24c@28c for No 1 Pulled; 27c@29c for Merino, and 29a37c ℔ lb, cash, for Fleece. Prices are drooping.

THE SATURDAY MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 353 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & No	52½	53½
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	20½	20¾
" " '63	—	—	Mine Hill	46	47
" " '67	114	—	Har & Lan	57	57½
" " '68	114	—	Chester Val	4	6
" " '69	—	—	Tioga	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	93	" preferred	—	—
" " new	90	90	P W & Balt	26	27
" " 5	77	79	Long Island	12½	13
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	90½	Williamsport & Elmira	13	15½
Phila 5 pr ct	50	—	Catawissa	7½	7½
" " coupon	—	—	CANAL STOCKS		
Allegy City 6 pr ct	—	—	Sch Nav	15½	15½
" County	—	—	" preferred	12	12½
Allo co R R 6's	47	76	Lehigh Nav	56½	57
Penn "	87	88	Morris consolidated	47	48½
" " coupon	89	90	" preferred	83½	84
Penn 6 pr ct	93½	93½	Sus & Tidewater	71	72
Kensington & pr ct	100	102	BANK STOCKS		
Missouri 6's	63½	64	North Amer		122
Penn RR 6 pr ct	87	88	Phila	113½	114
" " 5 pr ct	77	78	Penn Twp	53½	60
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	97	98	Commercial	49	49½
Long I RR "	70½	71½	Tradesman's	—	—
Sch Nav '82 "	61	62	City	45	46
Lehigh Nav "	87	87½	Consolidation	22	24
Morris "	85	—	Commonwealth	18½	20
C & D C "	72	75	Corn Exchange	—	—
Sus & Tid '78 "	45½	50	Pittsburg	50	55
Union Canal	40	42	M & M Pitts	—	—
Wilm'n & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	65	70	Ex'g & Pitts	50	—
2d " 7 pr ct	50½	55	Kentucky	110	112
Catawissa "	44½	46	Northern, Ky	145	147
North Penn'd pr ct	95½	96½	Louisville, Ky	110	113
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	110	115
Cam & Amboy	93	94	Union, Nash, Tenn	98½	100
Penna	45½	45½	Planf's, Tenn	97	100
Sus Meadow	53½	54	Com & R York	—	—
North Penna	10½	10½	N O Gas Lt	115	116½

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY
By L. H. THOMPSON, Exchange Hotel,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	12 a15	Leg, Loin, Chop ℔ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	15 a18	Breast and Neck	6½ a 8
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a10½	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		Veal.	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ℔ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	25 a25	Hind do	11
Tongues, each	25 a37½	Chop	12½
Suet	2½ a3c	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	5 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ℔ lb	6½ a11	Pork.	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	16 a18	Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 75
Lamb.		Pelt and fresh lb	13 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ℔ set	12½a 13
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Trips ℔ lb	4 a 6
Chop ℔ lb	18 a22	Lard do	10 a 12
Calves Head, each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	11 a 14
		Pudding	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	14 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 62	Sw't Potatoes ℔ bus	$1 25a1 75
do ℔ pk	12½ 14	do do ℔ bbl	5
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn per store lot	1 15 a1 25
do bbl	2 a 50	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Carrots do	12	Onions bus	100
FRUIT.			
Apples ℔ bkt	62½a 87½	Cranberries qt	10 a 12
do ℔ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ℔ lb	12½a 14	Chickens ℔ lb	12½a —
Spring Chickens ℔ pair	31 a 37	Pheasants	2 00a2 50
Chickens ℔ pair	50 a1 00	Wah Pig's apair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 30½

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South) doz	$3 a4 00	Oysters, Absecom	
Do (Ches & Del)	6 a8 00	℔ bkt	50 a 75
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	do ℔ M	16 a18 00
Clams M	1 a2 50	M Rir Cove M	17 a25 00
		N Y do ℔ bbl	12 a20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	12 a —	Perch bunch	6½a12½
Bass	12 a —	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Fresh Shad ℔ pair	1 00 a —
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 a 6	" Mackerel	12
Smelts	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	8
Rock	12 a —	Sweets ℔ lb	12 a —

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	22 a25	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	20 a —	Sweet cake do	8 a 9
Eggs doz	14 a20		

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.
No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, February 27, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
Relief notes	4 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2½ dis
Solvent banks par to	¼ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks	1 to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	Uncertain
Baltimore	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ to ½ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks par to	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Old banks	5 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	4½ dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

☞ A medical student, under examination

Wit and Humor.

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is recorded by one of the British papers. Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at a winter assize at Clonmel, he "let into" the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door, which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of a rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his large bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments and say Mr. Foley (he'll know the man) will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his early call.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it's not a hare and a brace of ducks he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bedroom when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "by your leave," at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body;" and at the same time he cut a figure eight with his shelalah before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed!" exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

"No" replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might tell me the moment I put my body out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other. "I pledge you my honor I will no. touch you till you are out of bed."

"You wont!"

"I won't"

"Upon your honor!"

"On my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself very comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle Guard."

The Tipperary Salamander looked marvellously astonished at he pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hallo!" says Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No" said Daines, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, that he will not strike me in bed, so I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken; I'll never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure to air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches a cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines once more affected to go to sleep.

The Tipperary man had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel, so, laughing aloud, he exclaimed,

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the heart to hurt so droll a head."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

RESTING HER BONES.—"Well, Missus, I'se a goin' to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years. "Going to leave me, Molly! why, where are you going?" "Oh, I'se going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I'm going to rest my bones." Of course Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of human ills human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her—"Well, Molly, have you 'rested your bones?'" "Golly, Missus, I'se rested my jaw bones, and dem's all the bones I'se rested."

BENEFIT OF A STEAM CHOIR.—A writer in the Religious Telescope approves the recent introduction of steam in "propelling" church organs, because "steam never winks at some one across the room just before the piece is started; never titters and laughs at each turn of the music; never blushes or sticks up its fan before its face, nor hangs its head; never whispers during the sermon; never turns over the note-book to find the time during prayer, nor gazes over the congregation to see who is kneeling; never writes notes and passes them while the minister is preaching. For these reasons," says the writer, "if singing is to be done by proxy, let us employ steam."

A PROFESSIONAL CARD.—The subscriber informs her friends, and the public generally, that she continues to invent and circulate lies of every description, on most reasonable terms, at the shortest notice. Persons requiring her services are referred to any of the most respectable families in the neighborhood in which she resides.

N. B.—Characters ruined, or only partially injured, by the family or piece. Village, house and tea-table lies told upon any subject, and at a moment's notice. Hints and insinuations by the gross, dozen, or single, with a liberal allowance to wholesale dealers. KITTY CLACKER.

A HARD WITNESS.

The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago, between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial, a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile)—Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable)—A straddle, I believe, sir.

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones)—But, sir, what gait does he ride?

Witness—He never rides any gates, sir. His boys ride all the gates.

Lawyer (his bland smile gone, and his voice slightly husky)—But how does he ride when in company with others?

Witness—Keeps up if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind.

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury,)—How does he ride when alone, sir?

Witness—Don't know—never was with him when he was alone.

Lawyer—I have done with you, sir.

This last remark of the disciple of Blackstone given in that peculiarly fearful whisper, indicative of suddenly checked and temporarily subdued anger and mortification—anger at the imperturbation and knavery of the witness, and mortification at his total failure to elicit anything beneficial to his client. He continues to aver, with many emphatic expletives, that Brown is the greatest scoundrel alive, and hasn't sense enough to answer a plain question correctly.

THE FRENCHMAN'S REVENGE.

The following anecdote, which we give from memory, became current during the suspension of specie payments in the financial crisis of 1837:—

A Frenchman rushed into one of the banks soon after the general suspension, with a hundred dollar bill in his hands, and demanded the specie for it.

Frenchman—Vill you pay zis bill? Vill you give me ze mounaie?

Teller (blandly)—We cannot redeem it at present. We have suspended.

Frenchman—Suspende! Vot's zat? Hung by ze neck like one dam thieving dog? Oh, no, sare! You do deceive me, sare! I vill ave d'or l'argent—what you call ze gold, ze silvare' ze coppare!

Teller—We will redeem our notes when other banks redeem theirs.

Frenchman—Vhen ze oder banks redim zares! By gar, ze oder banks say ze same, sare! I vill shoot you, sare—viz ze perstole, ze gon, ze cannon, sare!

Teller—You had better wait, sir—you had better keep cool.

Frenchman (excitedly)—By gar, I will not wait! I will not keep—vot you call?—cold! I will ave, by gar, *revenge!*—Sacre! I tear your paper note all in leetle piece! I chew him! (Suiting the action to the word) I spit on him! I stamp on him! You *loose* your *leetle dam billee* note! There, sare—I am revenge! *I am, by gar, r-r revenge!*"

Having destroyed the note, looking full defiance at the cashier, tellers, and all others present—the little Frenchman stalked out of the bank with the air of a Napoleon.

BUFFALO UPON ROCHESTER.—Day before yesterday, a number of gentlemen boarders at one of our popular hotels, were in the office of the hotel conversing. They were talking of Rochester. Numerous were the remarks, and much more indignant than complimentary. One remarked that it was a very hard place—very few honest people, and those were being rapidly ruined by vicious example. Another remarked that there were more people in Rochester that had they their deserts, would be in Auburn, than any other city in the Union. The latter speaker was endorsed by his companions; and other remarks not quite as complimentary as the foregoing followed. All at once, a short, very thin-faced man, rose up indignantly, and stated that they had better ho'd up—that he was from Rochester—*he was.* All at once the company retired. The much astonished Rochesterian walked up to the landlord, and inquired where they had gone.

"Why?" said the landlord; "arn't you from Rochester?"

"Yes," said Rochester.

"Oh, well," resumed the landlord, "that accounts for their absence; *they'ee gone up to double lock their rooms,*—they'll be back in a few minutes."

Rochester departed in a reflective mood.—*Buffalo Times and Republic.*

AN EXPERIMENT WITH RATTLESNAKES.—The Hartford Times is publishing a series of sketches of revolutionary times, entitled "South Windsor Sketches," from which we extract the following:—Mr. Thomas Bancroft, father of the present James Bancroft, of this town, conveyed a load of salt to Mount Independence, on Lake Champlain, opposite Ticonderoga, while the army was stationed there. His team consisted of a pair of large cattle and a horse in front. While there, a den containing numerous rattlesnakes was discovered on the hill. An experiment was instituted to test their antipathy to the white ash leaf. A row of ash leaves were strewn around the den on three sides, and the circle was completed by a row of ignited brushwood. A sheaf of straw placed in a cavity at the windward side of the den was then set on fire, and their snakeships soon made their appearance in great numbers within the ring. On approaching the ash leaves they recoiled, apparently with the greatest dread, and actually passed through the fire in their retreat towards the lake, in preference to passing over the white ash leaves.

AN IDEA OF HEAVEN.—The *London Times* chronicles the following speech of an illiterate laborer, relative to the joys of heaven:—"I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy—whether, now, it can be happier than sitting in the public over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going? I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that."

THE frightful figure that nearly terrified Old Fogy and his Wife out of their wits—and which proved, after all, to be only an ordinary mortal, carrying roasted chestnuts!

Agricultural.

TREATMENT OF COWS.

I have weighed the hay, &c., used by my cows, at different times, so that I know nearly how much has been consumed. About one half the fodder used was corn stover and barley straw, the other half, English hay, meadow hay and rowen, all cut and mixed as stated in your paper, the value of which would not exceed $10 per ton. The price received for my milk last year was 22 cents per can, of eight quarts each, from April 1st to October 1st, and 32 cents per can the other six months of the year. The milk was kept at home at different times, equal to one month, all of which was valued at the lowest price. This was made into butter and cheese, and used in the family. No account has been made of the milk used in the family for ordinary purposes. The amount, at those prices, was, for each of the seven cows $81,10.

Cost of keeping at my estimate, as follows:

20 pounds of fodder per day for 213 days, at $10 per ton	$41.30
6¼ cents' worth of meal or shorts a day for the same time	13,31
Roots, mostly ruta-bagas	10,00
Pasturing and green corn fodder the other 132 days, valued at 75 cents per week	16,50
Cost of keeping each cow	$81.10
Profit on each cow	19.90

I should not have troubled you with this communication, had it not been for the purpose of correcting the inference drawn from your remarks, that my cows live and do well on [illegible] pounds of hay per day. ELMER BRIGHAM.

HOUSANNA.—Twenty pounds of hay cost [illegible] for a cow, and meal [illegible] way, or [illegible] tain of fodder! *Fourteen* pounds of hay a day is all we give a twelve-hundred horse, with a little meal, and work him hard at that. We were in a stable the other day, where 400 horses are kept, and they were in excellent condition, too, and all the *hay* they eat in 24 hours is barely *seven pounds!* and coarse oat and corn meal enough to make it up to 20 pounds—just as many pounds as you give one cow; your cow lies down, sleeps, chews her cud, has a good time generally and only produces you a little milk, while the horses of which we speak perform prodigies of labor every day, in hauling all sorts of human beings up and down Broadway, New York. We are inclined to believe that when the *true mode* of feeding neat stock is ascertained, 12 pounds of good hay and 6 cents' worth of corn meal will produce results as good as those realized from your more liberal feeding at present.—*New England Farmer.*

HOT BEDS

For starting early vegetables, should be made from the 20th of Feb. to 1st of March, for which we will give your readers some directions; not, however, for professional gardeners, but for plain farmers. For the supply of an ordinary family, make a frame of two inch boards (if you have them, if not, lighter ones will do,) any about ten feet long, and five feet wide, or, what is better, procure about four pieces of hot bed sash, about three feet wide, and five or six feet long, and then make your frame so that these will cover it snugly. Next, select a sunny situation, the less exposed to cold winds the better; set your frame as much inclined to the south that when you put your glass in it, the water will run off readily. Now procure four stakes—pieces of scantling are best—and sharpen one end of them; drive them firmly into the ground at each corner of your frame, to which spike your frame, thus making it firm and enabling you to give it the proper inclination.

Next dig a pit a little less than your frame, and inside of it, so deep that from the top of the frame to the bottom of the pit shall be from thirty to thirty-five inches. Now if your land is not underlaid with gravel so as to leach the water down readily, you must cut a drain which will drain it quickly, and to the very bottom; don't neglect this, for you might as well try to make a fire under water, as to raise the heat in a hot bed while it contains water. Now get some long or undecomposed manure, that which has never been moved is best, though any will do that has plenty of litter in it, such as straw, hay or corn stalks, if mixed with saw dust it will do, though not heating up quite so thick, but the heat continuing longer. With this fill your pit about eighteen inches, shaking your manure well, so as to break all the lumps, at the same time tramping it firmly and evenly all over the bed. If the manure is too dry, you must water it as you fill. Throw on the water plentifully, for you can't make it too wet, and if too dry it will not heat at all. Over this, put about six or eight inches of *good soil*, so as to fill your bed within about six inches of the top of your frame. Put on your sash (filled with glass of course,) and bank up carefully around your frame to within two inches of the top, and then let it stand to heat up until the first or rank heat passes off, which will generally take about four or five days.

It is now ready to receive the seeds—tomato, cabbage, pepper, egg-plant, cauliflower, broccoli, and early blood turnip beet—all pay well for starting in the hot bed, the latter especially, being very fine when started early, and then set out in good soil as soon as the spring opens. We have had them as large as a pint cup by the first days of June, and considered them quite a luxury. Take a board that will reach nearly across your bed, and sharpen one edge of it, with which lay out a row, making it about an inch deep, in which drop your seed, and then make another close to it, and so on till you have finished; then smooth it all over carefully, pressing the soil slightly on the seed. Some sow on the top and rake in, but we never get a good growth that way, as, in fact, we never made anything yet by doing our work the lazy way. All the bed will want now for some two weeks is *close attention.* When the sun shines, give it air by raising the sash a little. This must be regulated by the heat; if very hot, raise the higher, and vice versa. Don't water till your plants are up, unless the bed is very hot, and becomes dry, and then keep it up; for if you stop after commencing, you will be apt to have a crust, through which, if your plants come at all, they will come very weak, as a crust deprives them of the benefit of the atmosphere. If the nights should be cold, cover the bed over the glass, with boards, old quilts, buffalo skins, or something else, to keep the heat in, and thus keep your plants from freezing.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

[illegible] BRUSH ON FRUIT.

We have been favored by a friend with a copy of the Report of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for 1857. We find many valuable facts and hints in it. The following has not only amused us, but gives us instruction in the art of beautifying the beautiful.

A committee of the Society visited the fruit garden of Mr. John Gordon, of Brighton. Mr. Gordon raises fruit for market, and, of course, becomes acquainted with all the whims and notions of purchasers. He finds that people will buy handsome looking fruit before they will that which is "*homely,*" if it is not of so good quality. Mr G., therefore, set his wits to work in order to meet this demand, and according to the report of the committee, has succeeded in parting on, or heightening the much wished for external blush and beauty. The committee say that his grounds, which contain some three or four acres, the most of which has been deeply trenched and underdrained, are thickly planted with pear trees, about two-thirds of which are on quince roots, and so thickly planted that he does not grow vegetables among them. He grows but a few varieties, and such only as his experience in the markets show will give the best returns. He says he finds a ready sale for those having a russety skin, while those of a green skin could not be disposed of. All his fruit is carefully gathered by hand, and some four days before designing to market it, he takes his fruit boxes, which are about twenty inches square and six or eight inches deep, and places some woolen substance over the inside bottom; he then places a layer of pears and then a layer of woolen, and another layer of pears, and then another layer of woolen. In no case does he pack more than one layer of fruit.

The fruit is then allowed to go through a *sweating process,* which serves to give it a rich coloring, and is then sufficiently ripened for market. We asked him if cotton batting would not answer the same purpose? He said cotton would not ripen them so fast; that some woolen substance was better, as being more expeditious, and that it left a finer blush on the skin. He instanced a fact in regard to his Bartletts, that while his were yielding ten dollars per bushel, other wagons by the side of his had pears of the same varieties and equally as large, but which, in consequence of retaining a green skin, were offered at three dollars per bushel.

The committee to this statement add the advice that, for the completion of a good fruit garden, it must be thoroughly *underdrained.*—*Maine Farmer.*

DIRECTIONS FOR SETTING POSTS.—Dig a hole two feet in diameter, and four feet deep; set the post in the centre, and fill with stone eighteen inches, then one foot of tan, or fine chips, and fill up with gravel or coarse sand and stamp well.

I have found by experience that posts set in this way will stand, even in a clay soil, and will not be thrown out by the frost, which is the main difficulty to overcome; it is a very essential point, not only for the practicability, but for the durability of a gate of any kind.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO MAKE SHINGLES DURABLE.—About 22 years ago, it fell to my lot to assist in making some thousand oak shingles, which were piled up but a short time until they were soaked for about forty-eight hours in thick lime water.—We employed a common pommace trough from the cider-house, used a couple bushels of lime at a time; slaked it in the trough, then put in sufficient water to make the trough about one-third full. This was thoroughly stirred up before putting in the shingles. They were set in on their thick end, which, when the tank was full, made them about half their length immersed.

Now, whether it was two or four days that we left them in, I do not remember, but that would matter but little, I should think. When one lot was taken out, another lot was put in, until they were all soaked in that manner. Being rather of the boy order at that time, I got very tired of this (useless as I thought) job, and of course it would make an impression not easily erased.

Twenty years after that time, I happened to get to the old homestead, where everything had undergone a change. The straw shed, upon which the shingles above alluded to, were put in roof, was torn down, the roof and timbers to be used for another purpose. The roof had been cut in regular pieces, to use again. On inquiry, I found it was the same roof we had put on; which at once aroused my curiosity to know how these shingles, which had given me so much trouble, had lasted. To my surprise, I found the roof tight and smooth; I took out my knife and tried in different places on the shingles, found them almost as hard as bone; and indicated a fair prospect of covering another building for twenty years more, without being done for.—*Correspondent of Germantown Telegraph.*

SULPHUR FOR INSECTS.—I find that you have no faith that sulphur has any effect on insects or blight, when put into a hole in the trunk of the tree. The Mockernut Hickory on this place, (Mr. Manice's estate) were dying very fast, the cause being an insect eating the buds in the spring and early summer months. About four years ago my employer, Mr. Manice, had holes bored with an augur in the trunk of the tree, to the pith, and then filled with sulphur and the hole stopped up. Since that was done we have lost but few trees. I had no faith in it at the time my employer did it, but such are the results.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

FOREST LEAVES FOR HOT BEDS.—It may be well to remind readers that leaves from the forest (especially of oak trees,) are of great service to mix with stable manure for hot beds, in the proportion of one-third, or one-half if the manure is short, as a means of prolonging the period of fermentation and heat. Some care and judgment is necessary in mixing the materials, to secure the proper degree of moisture so as to favor the fermentive process, and not have the pile become dry after a time, as it will sometimes do, if too many dry leaves or too much straw is incorporated in it.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

ANECDOTE OF A GAME COCK.—On the memorable 1st of June (Lord Howe's victory) Captain Berkeley commanded the *Marlborough,* and broke through the French line between *L' Impetueux* and *Le Mutine,* each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into action the captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard, but at the request of his crew permitted them to retain an old game cock, with which they had fought several times, *and always with success. In action the Marlborough* was so severely handled by her opponents that half the crew were disabled, her captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At this very juncture, when the *Marlborough* was on the point of striking, the old game cock hopped up upon the shattered stump of a mainmast, and, with a loud and triumphant flapping of the wings, sent forth such a clear and lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the disabled ship. One universal and gallant cheer from the broken crew arose; they remembered the indomitable courage of the bird that sat undismayed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag his limbs to quarters re-manned the guns, resumed the action, and forced each of his opponents to surrender. A silver medal struck by order of Captain Berkeley was hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his days in honorable safety.

UNHAPPY HOMES.—Small matters are often needlessly made subjects of daily comment and blame; and in the end it comes that home is sometimes anything but the happy place we choose to make it out in songs and fictions of various kinds.

This, when it occurs, is a great pity. I am for making home very happy to children, if it can be managed; which, of course, is not to be made by weak compliances, and having no fixed rules. For no creature is happy, or even free, as Goethe has pointed out, except in the circuit of law. But, once having laid down laws and regulations, all within those bounds should be very kind at home.

Now listen to the captious, querulous scolding that you may hear, even as you go along the streets, addressed by parents to children; is it not manifest that in after-life there will be too much fear in the children's minds, and a belief that their father and mother never will sympathize with them as others even might—never will forgive them? People of all classes, high and low, err in the same way; and in looking about the world, I have sometimes thought that a *thoroughly judicious father is one of the rarest creatures to be met with.*

TABLE-TURNING IN CHINA.—In this, as in many other things, the Chinese are in advance of the practitioners among ourselves. The mode of carrying on this operation is somewhat different from that in vogue in the United States.—The table is turned upside down, upon a pair of chopsticks, laid at right angles over the mouth of a mortar or bowl, filled with water. Four persons lay one hand upon each leg of the table, while the other clasps the free hand of one of the four, and thus the circle is completed. An incantation is now chanted by the "medium," as soon as the table begins to move. The "circle" move with it, and in a minute it is whirling violently upon its axis, until it is thrown violently off its balance, and falls upon the floor. The motion of the table is universally attributed to supernatural agency, but it seems not to have been used as a means of communication with the spirit-world.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 23, 45, 3, 20, 50, is a man's name.
My 40, 11, 41, 8, 33, 14, 39, is an animal.
My 8, 10, 27, 43, 4, 53, 25, 38, 9, is an article of dress.
My 1, 36, 21, 4, 31, 47, 34, is a celebrated English author.
My 12, 29, 22, 20, 49, 43, 20, 28, 8, 23, is a fragrant flower.
My 3, 52, 20, 8, is a part of the human body.
My 10, 17, 43, 37, 13, 2, is a farming utensil.
My 15, 3, 20, 27, 43, 7, 18, 34, is a household article.
My 3, 50, 30, 34, 26, is a musical instrument.
My 4, 19, 20, 31, 22, is a sea of Europe.
My 40, 32, 23, 53, 13, 34, is a bird of prey.
My 46, 7, 37, 19, 32, 31, 27, is a celebrated tragedian.
My 6, 26, 30, 34, 54, 24, 13, 18, 42, is a capital of one of the German States.
My 44, 25, 40, 29, 36, 34, 30, is a country in Europe.
My 18, 4, 51, is an article of dress.
My whole is a proverb. B. W. L. D.
Germantown, Pa.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 9, 17, 4, 5, is one of the United States.
My 2, 5, 13, 15, 20, is a mountain in Virginia.
My 3, 19, 17, 3, 18, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 17, 7, 15, is a river in Africa.
My 5, 3, 18, 17, 11, is a country in Africa.
My 6, 9, 20, 17, 10, is a city in France.
My 7, 9, 4, 11, 17, is one of the Sandwich Islands.
My 8, 20, 17, 15, is a lake partly in the United States.
My 9, 20, 11, 7, is a sea in Asia.
My 10, 17, 19, 1, is a county in British India.
My 11, 4, 18, is a cape in the eastern part of the U. S.
My 12, 9, 20, 5, 2, 19, is a sound in North America.
My 13, 9, 20, 11, 19, 5, 2, is a gulf in Europe.
My 14, 17, 4, 9, 17, is a mountain in Arabia.
My 15, 5, 12, 19, is a volcano in Europe.
My 16, 9, 18, is an island in Great Britain.
My 17, 7, 1, 8, 12, is a lake in Russia.
My 18, 11, 4, 13, 8, 15, is a city in France.
My 19, 1, 2, 9, is a river in Asia.
My 20, 2, 1, 15, is a capital in Europe.
My 21, 8, 4, 18, 19, 8, 17, is a river in Asia.
My whole is the name of an educational institute in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. W.
Pottstown.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 8, 4, 2, is an animal.
My 2, 3, 4, is a part of the head.
My 3, 2, 3, 4, is a preposition.
My 4, 5, 2, is a kind of grain.
My 5, 2, 3, 4, is a short space of time.
My 6, 4, 8, 3, 2, is a bird.
My 7, 5, 4, 2, is a musical instrument.
My 8, 2, 3, is a female name.
My 9, 2, 8, denotes affirmation.
My whole was a distinguished American statesman.
Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa. E. McBRIDE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In times of old
We have been told
When heraldry and stats were one,
And knights in contests did engage;
What meeds of valor too were won,
In chivalry's dark age;
When they by enemies beset,
How have my *first* each other met,
In deadly strife to vie,
Resolved to do or die!

Need I tell you of my *second*,
What it is or might be reckoned?
You can *guess* it very quick,
per 'tis found in every creek;
If you are my second and third,
No doubt you've seen or of it heard
My *whole's* a very pretty thing,
Perhaps you often heard to sing.
CINROS

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Omit my 4, 6, and I become a celebrated Roman.
Omit my 1, 2, 5, 6, and I become a pronoun.
Omit my 1, 2, 6, 8, and I become an interjection.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 6, and I become a preposition.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, and I become a heavy weight.
My whole was an English poet. L. J. F.
Pottstown, Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men who own a stick of timber
Want each a different kind of lumber.
Says A, who needs his boards the longer,
I'll take the top leg, you the under.
Agreed, says B, on this condition,
That you will make a just division.
Giving to each an equal portion;
A tried his skill in mensuration,
But could not find a true solution
To this same problem, so that he
Is still in much perplexity.
The log in every way is straight,
In length it is just forty feet,
While the butt end's diameter
Is five feet, three *feet* the other.
Being as now I have clearly shown,
In form a frustrum of a cone.
Now you who know geometry,
Please clearly show to A and B
The length that each respectively
Shall have, likewise the quantity,
So as to give, as it is meet,
Equal contents in cubic feet;
Show also the diameter
Where they are sawn one from the other.
H. S. M.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How could you make a thin person fat? Ans.—By throwing him out of the window, he would come down plump.

☞ Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Ans.—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

☞ Why does a lady wearing crinoline appear comical as well as comical? Ans.—Because she is very *funnel-ly* dressed.

☞ Why is the Prince of Wales musing on his mamma's government like a rainbow? Ans.—Because it is the son's (sun's) reflection on a steady reign (rain.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Christopher Columbus. PORTICAL ENIGMA.—Phillis Wheatley Peters. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist. ENIGMA.—Philadelphia. CHARADE.—Napkin. RIDDLE.—Water. CHARADE.—Warren (War-ren.) ANAGRAMS.—Warsaw, Monrovia, Brahmaputra, Babel Mandeb, Angiocos, Banjarmassin, Lima, San Jose, Mendoza, Bonaby Head, West, Calouche. PROBLEM.—3-4-12 feet.

WAS ENGLAND ONCE A PART OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE?—Geologists refer the separation of England from France to physical features. Sir H. Delabeche contends that it has not been a violent movement, but one of a long period of time; breakers must have been chiefly instrumental in removing the materials which once filled up the channel. Dr. Buckland doubts whether the separation of the Straits of Dover has taken place within the historic period; and Sir Charles Lyell considers it not historically, but indefinitely remote.